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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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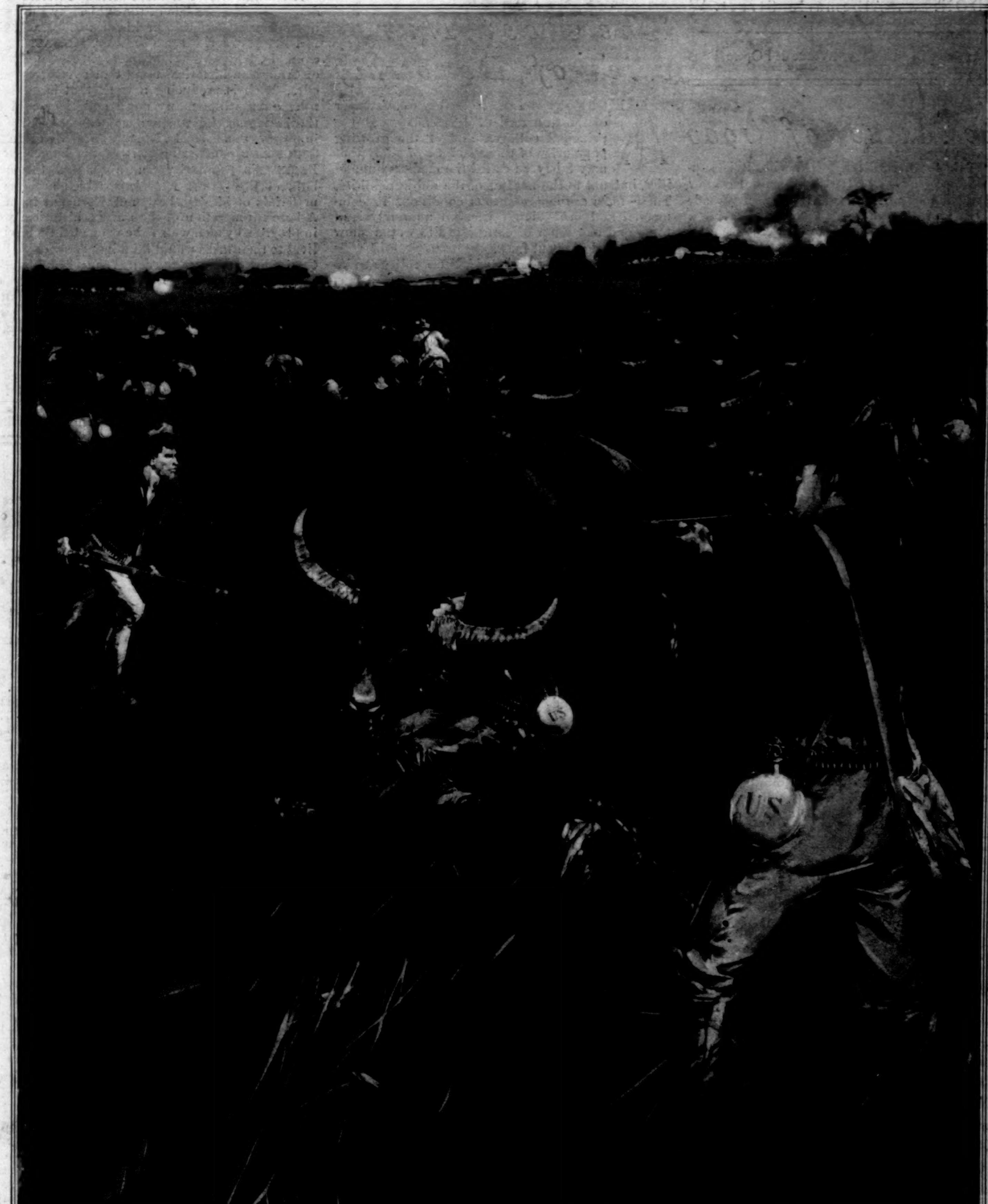

THE PHILIPPINES—MADDENED CARABAOS CHARGING OUR ADVANCED FIRING-LINE.

Drawn from Life by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 1075.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 21, 1899

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The Issue of 1900

MR. D. B. HENDERSON, who, it is supposed, will be the Speaker of the new House of Representatives, recently made an important speech at Waterloo, Iowa. He predicted that the next Presidential campaign will be fought on the currency question. He sees nothing in the Democratic cries against imperialism and against trusts, but he does see that the **Bryan** Democrats, who control the organization of their party, are as clamorous for silver as they were in 1896, and are determined to make free coinage the central issue of the campaign.

As to the issue against the trusts, the Republican party will have the support of all those who realize the good effects of these combinations of capital, even though they deplore the bad effects. There is no reason why any one should vote for the Democratic candidate because of trusts, except those who are opposed to all corporations *per se*. The fact is, the Democratic party as it exists ~~to-day~~ is an expression of extreme views in economics as well as in other things. It is in rebellion against existing conditions, and it seeks to destroy whatever it opposes. There are a great many people who are opposed to trusts—that is to say, they are opposed to certain wrongs that are inflicted upon individual competition, and they are opposed to monopolies, and to whatever political corruption is incidental to the connection between the government and trusts. But they are neither so ignorant nor so self-sufficient as to imagine that they can successfully stand in the way of the tendency of the age towards combination and the conservation and economy of energy in the form of capital. In other words, they will not vote to destroy all corporations, or even to prevent the combination of corporations. The anti-trust issue, therefore, is likely to be of little direct importance in the coming struggle, for the Democratic politicians will soon discover that they can add nothing to their normal strength on this question when their clamor for destruction encounters a sane proposition for restraint and reform.

The anti-imperialistic issue also is likely to disappear, or at least to become purely academic. By the time the Presidential campaign fairly begins, events will most likely have eliminated the subject from discussion. It will be out of the way, because the Philippines, about which it has played, will be universally recognized as part of the United States. Whatever questions arising from the war might be raised to the dignity of issues will slumber, because they will be in the nature of past events, with little or no present application.

Why should any one vote for Mr. **Bryan** because he is an anti-imperialist, when there will be nothing during the next Presidential term upon which he could exercise his anti-imperialism? In short, anti-imperialism in the mouths of Democratic leaders is already a mere campaign cry.

It is on the currency question alone that the Democratic party and its appointed leader have convictions that signify anything. They are for a depreciated currency. Mr. **Henderson** was right in saying that this will be the issue; for the issue of a campaign is always that principle or purpose for which the candidates stand, whatever the platforms say. Mr. **Bryan** stands for unsound money, Mr. **McKinley** will again stand for sound money, and, according to the present outlook, it will be on the issue of 1896 that the campaign of 1900 will be fought. Conditions may change, unforeseen circumstances may arise, but at present it seems inevitable that the next campaign should be a repetition of the last. It will require a new party in opposition to the Republican party to change the present outlook. But the Republican majority in Congress may make the issue all the clearer, and do much to prevent any change in existing conditions, by its legislation this winter. If it fixes gold as the standard, and takes away from the President his present power to force the country to a silver basis, it will differentiate itself so emphatically from the Democratic party that the avoidance of the issue will be impossible. We trust, therefore, that Mr. **Henderson** spoke by the card when he said, "I predict that a Republican Congress will legislate at the approaching session so as to increase the confidence of the people, establish firmly the gold standard of the civilized world, and let the people know that all their obligations will be discharged on a safe and firm basis."

The Best Nurseries of Democracy

A BRIEF report is made in this week's paper of the unprecedented attendance at the principal colleges, and of the growing popularity of those courses of study that may fairly be called the modern humanities, but not to the neglect of the old humanities. These facts argue prosperous conditions in commercial and professional life, but an analysis of the rapid extension of collegiate life would show still more significant facts.

We have passed the period when a college training was regarded as the special privilege of a few, or as necessary only for those young men who looked forward to professional careers. The number of college-bred men who now take up commercial tasks, for instance, is larger than the number who entered any one profession a generation ago. We have made a long step in the culture of men merely for culture's sake, and not as a specific preparation for a particular career, for now by far the greater number of our college youth seek college experience as a matter of course, and without special reference to their future work.

At the same time, both the deepening and the broadening of scholarship by specialization and by the large number of special courses offered prove that our institutions of learning have not degenerated into mere resorts for the sons of the well-to-do. In fact, the sons of the poor, who make their way by scholarships and fellowships, or earn their livelihood by teaching or other kinds of labor, are more numerous than ever before. Indeed, in college communities throughout the length and breadth of the country will be found, perhaps, a more genuine democratic life than in any part of the adult world. In this respect also the type of the college man has changed greatly in a generation. He is no longer the pale student who had little in common with the life about him, nor the mere athlete that the comic journals and the physically timid would have us believe, but he is a thorough-going democrat and a good fellow. When he graduates he becomes a well-poised gentleman of the time, a man of culture, and, at the same time, a frank and straightforward member of the community. He regards himself and wishes to be regarded as a practical man, and the semi-sacerdotal tone that his father affected is now never seen, except in very small rural communities. Yet, while college-bred men who show no special aptitude for any calling somewhat unduly crowd the ranks of teachers, there is nowhere such a pathetic overproduction of special scholars as embarrasses German academic and social life; for the American graduates of these days go forth on their mettle, and fall into as many kinds of occupations as other men.

We have gone far towards the realization of the high democratic dream of very general, if not universal, higher education, when it has come about that the college-bred man is simply a better trained man than his less ambitious contemporaries, and otherwise no whit different from them. This unparalleled growth of educational institutions, and of the increase of their attendance, is the more significant in a democracy because the college is the best means that has ever been found for the lifting of the most capable members of any generation from one social plane of opportunity to a higher one. A larger number of youth enjoy liberal training in the United States to-day than ever enjoyed an equivalent opportunity in any country in the world; and since this means the training and the consequent rapid elevation of the more ambitious and capable, there is a constant diffusion of a true democratic spirit throughout the strongest and most influential part of society. The American colleges are, in fact, the best nurseries of democracy.

National Consciousness

THE publishers' announcements for the autumn show, as the publishers' successes for several seasons have shown, the continued favor in which the American historical novel is held. It is a fruitful and worthy field of literary art, and it has been cultivated with skill, but the continued eagerness with which almost any romance of our own history is read—some that have no literary value as well as those that have been constructed with imagination and written with distinction—indicates a significant popular interest in our national story.

A similar and even more serious interest is indicated in another side of the subject by the activity and popularity of our historians. Mr. **Fiske**, Mr. **Rhodes**, Mr. **Eggleston**, Mr. **McMaster**, for example, besides other historians, are all engaged on American historical tasks that cover long periods. Each is producing a work that is his *magnum opus*, while many more ambitious and authoritative special works in American history are in progress, such as Mr. **Ropes**'s *Civil War* and Mr. **Schouler**'s concluding part of his longer work. **Parkman**'s popularity continues, and the large bulk of the *Jesuit Relations*, which are merely materials of history, have now been put in print. A bare enumeration of the serious historical work in progress by men who have dedicated their whole lives to their tasks would fill a longer space perhaps than a list of all the preceding American historical works of lasting value. The recently written elementary school histories of the United States number several hundred, and books of reference and books on special subjects for students of higher grades—to say nothing of biographies and of the republication of political and historical writings—make a large proportion of the literary output of the time, and indicate and direct the culture of the people. Such a wide and deep interest in our history shows itself at a time when the United States has displayed a readiness to accept larger responsibilities in the world, and when its commercial power is greater than ever before. These are not coincidences, but part and parcel of the same deepening national consciousness that is the most significant fact for civilization in these closing years of the century.

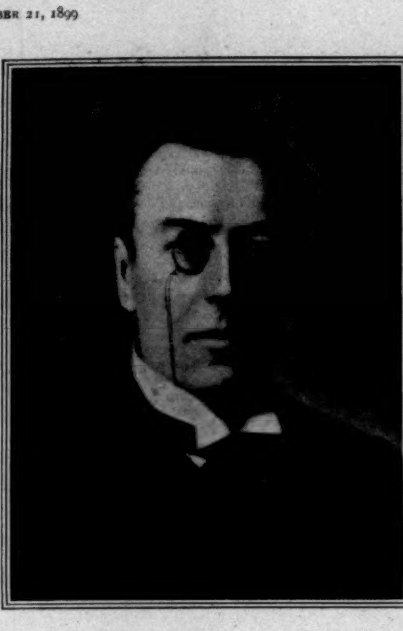
A Question of Discipline

TO deal gently with the erring accords, in theory at least, with the spirit of the times, but the precise degree of gentleness that is consistent with necessary discipline is a question that penologists and reformers do not find it easy to settle. In all well-managed State institutions comparatively mild methods have superseded harsher ones, and there is agreement that the results are good, and, as a rule, fully warrant the change. But there is apt to be a point at which moral suasion and gentle restraints fail to accomplish what is necesssary.

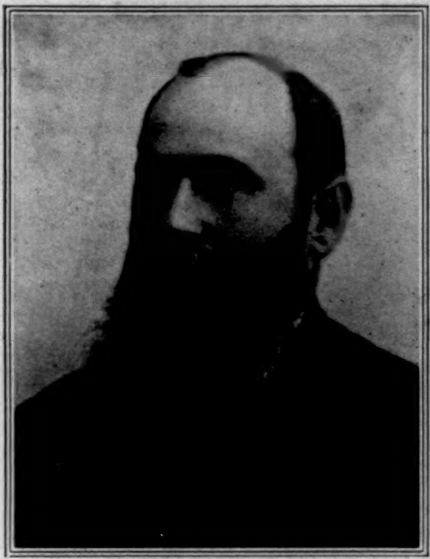
Last May, in consequence of grave complaints about the harshness of the management of the House of Refuge for Women at Hudson, the old board of managers, with one exception, resigned, corporal punishment was abolished, and the inmates were assured that in the future they were not to be treated as criminals, but, as far as possible, like the young women who were pursuing education at Vassar College, somewhat farther down the river. Their standard of conduct, however, as yet falls far below that which obtains in the college at Poughkeepsie; and on October 8 sundry symptoms of unruliness culminated in a far more boisterous outburst of insubordination and deviltry than the superintendent and her helpers could cope with. The State authorities finally restored a measure of order, and insured its continuance by a liberal distribution of handcuffs.

The present system of government at the Hudson House of Refuge may still be the right system for subjects less depraved, but the apparent failure of mild methods in this instance will strengthen the case of those penologists who hold that corporal punishment is necessary in penal institutions, and cannot be spared except at the cost of far greater evils than could attend its retention.

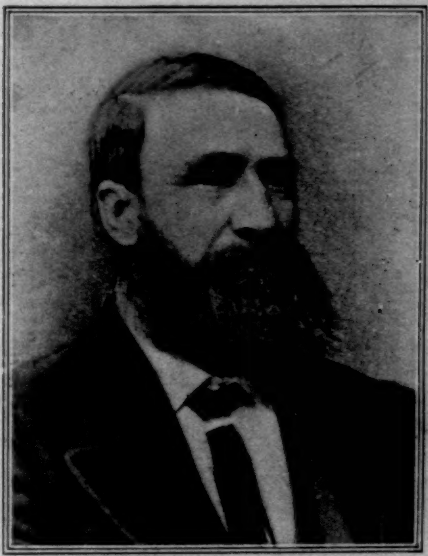
One of the most important institutions in the world—the famous reformatory at Elmira—has been recently reformed somewhat as the refuge at Hudson was reformed, and its managers are testing, not without anxiety, the possibility of maintaining discipline without corporal punishment.



RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
British Secretary of State for the Colonies.



M. T. STEYN,
President Orange Free State.



GENERAL PIET JOUBERT,
Commanding the Transvaal Forces.

ENGLAND AND THE TRANSVAAL

ONE opens a new book on South Africa with misgivings born of weary conflict with the dogmatism and prejudice of writers past numbering. So many works have been written on the problem of the country south of the Zambesi, and so few of them—perhaps not half a dozen in all—are free from the vitiating deformity of bias and misrepresentation. The latest author to address himself to the subject is Mr. J. P. Fitz Patrick, the secretary of the Johannesburg Reform Committee during the tumultuous weeks that closed the year 1895. He writes frankly from the British stand-point. No one has yet put the British side of the case more forcibly. But his argument is restrained by a thorough sense of justice toward the Boers, and a generosity in dealing with their many fine qualities to which few Englishmen have risen. His knowledge of the points in dispute covers the smallest details, down even to a most instructive picture of the interior workings of the Boer government. Some valuable appendices, containing illuminating reports of debates in the Raad, round off the book.

The British and Boers first came into close contact when Cape Town was ceded to Great Britain in 1814. For a while it seemed as though they would fuse as amicably as the two races had done in New York. The major share of the blame for their failure to do so must rest with the British government. No doubt the character of the Dutch population was an obstacle too. They were farmers, a few dwelling in villages and cultivating the soil, but the majority stock-farmers, living scattered over a wide expanse of country; for the scantiness of the pasture had made and kept the stock farms very large. They saw little of one another, and nothing of those who dwelt in the few towns which the colony possessed. They were ignorant, prejudiced, strongly attached to their old habits, impatient of any control. Except, therefore, round Cape Town, intercourse between the two peoples was extremely slow and difficult.

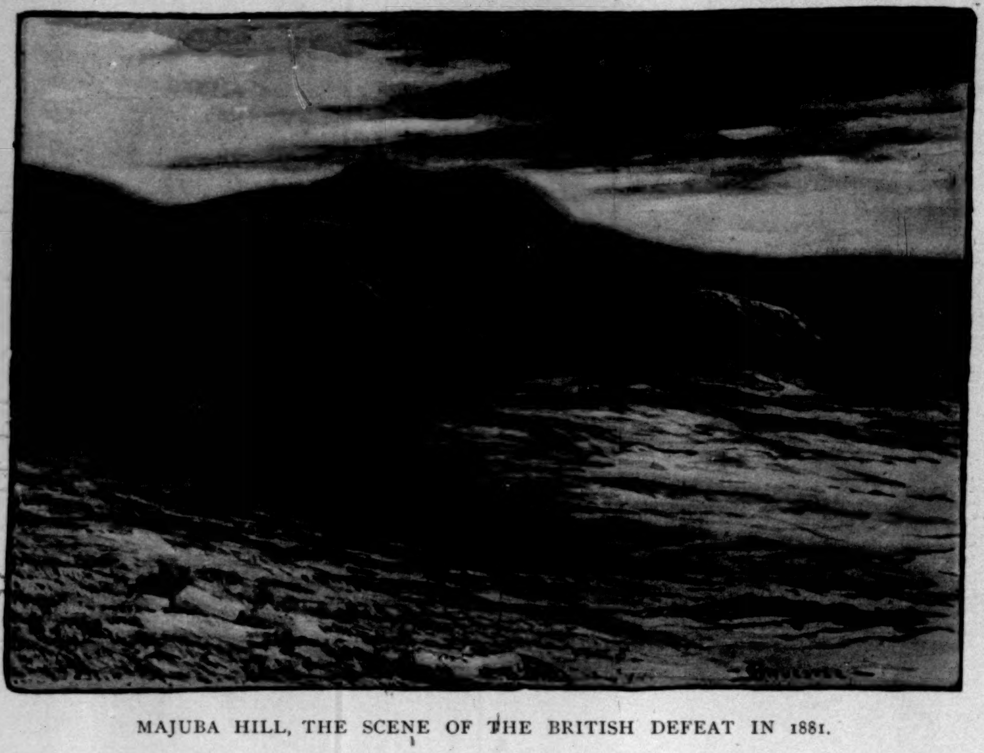
The British government first gave offence by altering the old systems of local administration and substituting English for Dutch as the official language. This was a serious hardship, for probably not one-sixth of the people understood English. But the main grievance of the Dutch colonists grew out of those native and color questions which have ever since continued to trouble South Africa. The British government, or, at any rate, the colonial part of it, was sadly under the influence of a weak and ignorant sentimentalism. It would not prosecute wars against the marauding Kafir tribes who harassed the border farmers. In some cases it even allowed the Kafirs to return to the territory from which the vigor of the colonists had expelled them. It lent itself readily to the tales of missionaries, who espoused the cause of the natives, and reported, often with the grossest exaggeration, each case of cruel or harsh treatment that came to their knowledge. In 1828 the Hottentots and other free colored people were placed on an equal footing with whites as regards private civil rights—a measure that profoundly disgusted and exasperated the colonists, especially the Dutch colonists, who dealt and still deal with natives in the simple Old Testament fashion. But it was the emancipation of the slaves in 1834 that roused their irritation to ferment. The £3,000,000 allotted to Cape Colony as compensation was very largely below the value of the slaves held there, and as the claims were made payable in London, many owners sold out at severe loss. "To be watched and denounced by the missionaries, to have black people put on a level with them, to lose the fruits of their victory over the Kafirs—all these things had been bad enough. Now, however, when their property itself was taken away and slavery abolished; on grounds they could neither understand nor approve, they determined to endure no longer, and sought for some means of deliverance."

Every one knows what means of deliverance they chose. Between 1834 and 1836 from 8000 to 10,000 Boers quitted the colony, struck out into the wilderness, and, after innumerable hardships, founded the two Boer republics—the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Mr. Fitz Patrick does the fullest justice to their strenuous and valiant spirit. The tale of their wanderings and trials is the one great romance of South Africa.

It is proof of the Boer hatred of government that, though the settlers in the Transvaal numbered, in 1843, not less than 15,000, it was not until 1864, or twenty years later, that they formed themselves into a united republic under a single President. The Boers have a genius for disobedience; they are "instinctive anarchists"; their ideal, if one can attribute any ideal to them, is that of Israel in the days when every man did that which was right in his own eyes. It was only for warlike expeditions against the natives that they could be brought together. They scattered over the land, each man as far as might be from his neighbor, and gave themselves up to the rude, half-romantic life of stock-farmers. In time little groups of jealous and mutually distrustful communities sprang up among them, based usually on family ties, and waged a sort of factional warfare, like the cities of ancient Greece or mediæval Italy. Even the drawing up of a constitution and election of a recognized President did not change their dissociative habits. Taxes they would not pay. No public improvements were made; no roads were built; no sign existed of anything that could be called a government. By 1875 the treasury was empty, except for the much-quoted 12*s.* 6*d.* ($3 12). The government bluebacks were selling at one-twentieth their face value. On the northeast a war broke out with Sikukini, a Kafir chief, and the Boers were repulsed, and returned in confusion to their homes. On the south, Cettiwayo, then at the zenith of his power, was preparing to pour his Zulu hordes on the distracted state.

It was under such conditions, and because the weakness and disorders of the republic were a danger not only to the British subjects settled in it, but also to the neighboring British territories, that Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in 1877, annexed the state in the Queen's name. Some facts which are worth insisting on just now Mr. Fitz Patrick clearly establishes. The first is that, had the annexation been delayed six months, the Zulus would have overrun the country. This the Boers themselves admitted. The second is that the Boers accepted the annexation—not, indeed, with enthusiasm, but as the only way of escape from the disasters that threatened. The third is that, had the promises of autonomy given by Sir Theophilus been carried out at once, there would have been no rebellion and no Majuba Hill. The Boers were at

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR REDVERS HENRY BULLER, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., V.C.,
Who will direct Operations against the Boers from the Southwest.



MAJUBA HILL, THE SCENE OF THE BRITISH DEFEAT IN 1881.

their wits' end, and would have acquiesced in almost any proposals that promised protection from the Kafirs. Paul Kruger himself took office under the British government, and only resigned his post on being refused an increase of salary, for which he had repeatedly applied. A good deal of after-history may be dated from that little incident.

"The real mistakes of the British government began after the annexation. The failure to fulfil promises; the deviation from old ways of government; the appointment of unsuitable officials, who did not understand the people or their language; the neglect to convene the Volksraad or to hold fresh elections, as definitely promised; the establishment of personal rule by military men, who treated the Boers with harshness and contempt, and would make no allowance for their simple, old-fashioned ways, their deep-seated prejudices, and, if you like, their stupid opposition to modern ideas—these things and others caused great dissatisfaction, and gave ample material for the nucleus of irreconcilables to work with." Finally the British government removed the two native dangers which the Boers had feared. Sir Garnet Wolseley reduced Sikukini's strongholds on the northeast, and Sir Bartle Frere destroyed the Zulu power. The situation that developed was abnormal. The British saved the state by annexing it, and then provoked rebellion among the very men they had rescued by acts of bad faith and tactlessness.

Mr. Fitz Patrick is justly generous to the bravery of the Boers in taking up arms against one of the strongest powers in the world, and to the admirable qualities of strategy and courage that won for them Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. But he is no less insistent on the acts of treachery—including two or three of downright murder in cold blood—that marred their conduct of the war. It was a common trick of theirs to hoist a white flag, and when the English officers hoisted a similar flag in response, to pour a volley on the position where the commanding general and his staff were thus shown to be. The Boer civilization, it cannot be too often remembered, is that of the seventeenth century; and no doubt two hundred years of warfare with Kafirs have only added to their fondness for trickery.

"I have never been able to discover," wrote Sir Bartle Frere in 1882, "any principle in our policy in South Africa except that of giving way whenever any difficulty or opposition is encountered." Mr. Gladstone's surrender after Majuba Hill—the source of all the troubles of the past thirteen years, the source of the present war—was, of course, the occasion of Sir Bartle Frere's criticism. It is of little use inveighing against it at this date. As Lord Rosebery said, only the other day, no government would dream of doing such a thing now. The country was handed back to the victorious Boers practically without conditions; for almost all the authority vested in Great Britain by the Pretoria Convention of 1881 was taken away by the London Convention of 1884. The Boers issued a proclamation which has a certain grim interest in view of their after-policy: "To all inhabitants, without exception, we promise the protection of the law and all the privileges attendant thereon. . . . We repeat solemnly that our motto is 'Unity and Reconciliation.'"

The Boers emerged from the war penniless and unorganized, but with a redoubled sense of divine favor and a reinvigorated consciousness of national life. In defiance of the Pretoria Convention, which fixed the boundaries of the state with great exactitude, and pledged the Boers not to extend them, they organized marauding expeditions into Mashonaland, Zululand, and Bechuanaland, which were only saved at the eleventh hour from becoming Boer territory. But for the energy and clear-sightedness of Cecil Rhodes, Krugerism might to-day be the dominant force between the Vaal and the Zambesi.

With their hopes of expansion blocked, the Boers showed signs of drifting back into their favorite condition of anarchy tempered with bankruptcy, when the richness of the Sheba gold-mine in Barberton became known, and before the end of 1887 ten or twelve thousand people had entered the Transvaal. The Witwatersrand conglomerate formation—the Rand, as it is always called—was discovered shortly afterwards, and from that time there was at least no lack of money in the national exchequer.

The Boers found themselves in a position that was certainly hard. Upon these sullen, resolute, ignorant pastoralists there swooped down the modern world of stock-jobbers, speculators, and traders, speaking in general the hated English tongue, and threatening, seemingly, to overwhelm them by mere numbers. The Boers saw their state endangered, and took what seemed the simplest way of saving it. They excluded the new-comers from the franchise. Up to 1882 the possession of landed property or residence in the country for one year entitled a settler to full burgher rights. By a law passed in 1882 an alien could be naturalized and enfranchised after five years' residence, such residence to be proved by the field-cornet's books of registration. The probationary term was raised by successive enactments, and other obstacles put in the way of naturalization. Since 1894, when the coping-stone was put to Mr. Kruger's Chinese wall, the franchise regulations have stood as follows: The immigrant who wished to become a citizen had to register with the field-cornet in his district. But the field-cornet was by no means anxious to put the new-comer's name on the list, for the reason that he could not appropriate the new-comer's taxes without the government knowing anything about it. Assuming, however, the field-cornet's records to be honestly and properly compiled, the immigrant, after *fourteen* years' probation—during which he would have given up his own country and have been politically emasculated—could obtain burgher rights, provided the majority of the burghers in his ward signified in writing their desire that he should obtain them, and provided the President and Executive saw no objections. Under such conditions it is not overstating the case to say the Uitlanders were disfranchised.

RT. HON. CECIL JOHN RHODES, P.C.

Very possibly the Uitlanders would not have cared much about possessing votes if they had been well governed and allowed to pursue their business without undue interference from the Legislature. But they were not well governed, and the Volksraad did legislate expressly against their interests. The Boers would not vote enough money to rid Johannesburg of typhoid by providing proper sanitation and water-supply. It is a fact that in Johannesburg all who can afford it are obliged to drink mineral waters to avoid being poisoned. In the capital of the Rand probably not one man in a hundred speaks anything but English, yet the Boers would allow only Dutch to be taught in the schools. No city of its size and importance is so ill paved, ill drained, and ill policed as Johannesburg.

In the days of its penury the Boer government got into the habit, which still clings to it, of granting concessions and monopolies (sometimes, however, without any compensation to the state) to friends and relatives of President Kruger. It is against these monopolies that the capitalists inveigh most bitterly. They have been discussed and exposed so often that it is enough to name them now. The Netherlands Railway concession and the dynamite monopoly are the chief burdens; and these, taken with lax liquor laws, which demoralize native labor, and a very heavy tariff schedule, increase the expenses of gold-mining, according to the calculations of a French expert, 33⅓ per cent. above the natural cost. If the state benefitted by these concessions it would be a different matter; but in the two most flagrant instances the exchequer scarcely receives a thousandth part of its due, the great bulk of the profits going into the pockets of individual contractors.

The situation becomes almost farcical when one remembers that the Uitlanders outnumber the Boers by over two to one, own at least half the land, and pay nine-tenths of the taxes!

The Uitlanders began petitioning the Volksraad for reform as early as 1888. From that year up to the time of Dr. Jameson's raid the agitation never passed beyond constitutional limits. It was only after a seven years' experience of insults and rebuffs, of promises solemnly made and never kept, that they determined to appeal to arms. Mr. Fitz Patrick has all the details of the Jameson fiasco at his finger-ends, and easily clears the Reform Committee of the charges of cowardice and desertion brought against them in the first frenzy of failure. They did all that could be done to save the situation. It was Dr. Jameson who, in Mr. Rhodes's classic phrase, upset the apple-cart. In the negotiations that followed with the British High Commissioner and the reform leaders, the President excelled himself as a cautious, cunning, untrustworthy, and successful politician. Mr. Fitz Patrick's account of his double-dealing and extraordinary shrewdness throws a wonderful light on the Boer character.

There are some people who consider England in the wrong in the present dispute, mainly because the Boers are fighting for independence. It is true they are fighting for independence, but it may well be asked whether they are fit for it. To this question any one who remembers how they have used their independence in the past must give a negative answer. They are now about to pay the penalty for having used liberty to oppress others.

Sydney Brooks.

The Outbreak of the War

On Saturday, October 7, the Queen signed a proclamation summoning Parliament for October 17, and calling out the reserves. With the army corps now being rapidly mobilized, General Sir Redvers Buller sails for South Africa with not less than 50,000 troops. There are already in Cape Colony, Natal, Bechuanaland, and Rhodesia some 15,000 regulars, and about 8000 more are on their way to the seat of war from India. The total British force will therefore slightly exceed 70,000. Against this the Boers, even supposing that the Orange Free State puts forth all its available strength in their behalf, cannot place in the field more than 40,000 men. The map on page 1061 gives a good idea of the present distribution of forces on both sides.

On October 10 the Boers, with splendid audacity, answered the Queen's proclamation by an ultimatum demanding the withdrawal of the British troops on the frontier within twenty four hours. The British government contented itself with merely declining to discuss the ultimatum, and on Thursday afternoon the war began.

For some weeks, until the entire British force is in South Africa and ready for business, the military advantages will be on the Boer side; and if the British are able to hold the positions they now occupy without too severe loss, it will be as much as can be reasonably hoped for. All the passes leading into the Transvaal are of course in Boer hands, and in spite of contradictory telegrams, it seems clear that they have invaded Natal. From Laing's Nek, which was the scene of a severe British defeat in the last war, 5000 Boers, with six guns, are marching on Newcastle. The British force in that neighborhood, so far as can be gathered, is too scattered to do more than hold its own, even if it escapes an actual reverse. But Newcastle is not the only objective of the Boers in invading Natal. On Friday, October 13, a concerted advance was made through the Van Reenen Pass in the direction of Ladysmith, and it is here that some decisive engagement will be fought. The Boer force, consisting of part of General Joubert's contingent and a large body of Free State burghers, is estimated at 12,000 men, carrying eleven guns. General Sir Stewart White, the British commander in Natal, moved his headquarters from Durban to Ladysmith at once, and poured into the town all the troops that could be collected. As we go to press, however, it is evident that the British authorities are anxious about his position.

On the northwest frontier the Boers scored the first success of the war by derailing an armored train near Mafeking on October 12, and killing fifteen of the soldiers in charge of it. Colonel Baden-Powell has about 1200 men under orders, most of them volunteers, but all good shots, and used to Boer methods of fighting. The Boer force engaged in attacking Mafeking is under the command of Cronje, who satisfactorily accounted for the Jameson raiders, and is said to be one of the strongest commands in the field, numbering nearly 10,000 men. If that is so, in spite of the aversion of the Boers to attacking fortified towns, the position of the British garrisons, not only at Mafeking, but at Vryburg and Kimberley, is full of hazard.

The Boers have undoubtedly begun well. Their tactics are the same as those adopted with such success in their war for independence. They are operating with large bodies of mounted men who can carry enough provisions for a month on their backs, and by their celerity of movement can prevent even the most astute enemy from concentrating his forces. Their generals are all men who have given proof that in their peculiar style of warfare they have nothing to learn. Their artillery forces have been trained by German officers, and ought to be able to give a good account of themselves.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND MR. BRYAN MEET AT CANTON, ILLINOIS.

From a Photograph. Copyright, 1899, by T. T. Smith.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL SMITH DELIVERING THE ADDRESS AT THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS CELEBRATION AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS.

President McKinley in the West

PRESIDENT McKINLEY exemplifies the ultra-democratic type of Chief Executive, in that he constantly looks to the people for the advice of its freshest opinion. And this advice is his command. For it he has waited always; with it he has advanced unhesitatingly.

His recent journey into the West has been but another visit to the oracle. It had specific occasion in the laying of the corner-stone of the Chicago Post Office, and in the celebration of the Lincoln-Douglas Debate at Galesburg; but these were only two points in the base-line of a very extended itinerary.

Leaving Washington in the night, the Presidential train reached Ohio in the early morning, but though thousands gathered at the various stopping-places, the President spoke no words, except of personal greeting, until he had crossed the western boundary of his mother-State, and it was not until the morning of the next day, in Illinois, that he spoke at any length. At Quincy, where he inspected the Soldiers' Home and reviewed the veterans, he struck the key-note of his addresses in the utterance concerning the responsibilities under which our recent war has laid us: "Duty unperformed is dishonor, and dishonor is a greater burden to carry for any nation than any burden which honor can ever impose." His advice came in the response which this sentiment aroused in the people.

During the same day he spoke at the unveiling of a soldiers' monument in Peoria, and at several places along the way, among them at Canton, where he met and exchanged greetings with Mr. Bryan. His address at the Lincoln-Douglas celebration was a tribute to Douglas for his patriotic course in the cordial support he gave Lincoln three years after the Debate, when war was imminent. At every town of considerable size the train was stopped for a brief speech from the President to the assembled crowds, in which, frequently, the men from the shops, in their working-clothes, were the most conspicuous figures.

To one of these audiences in which the working-men were present in great numbers, having assembled from a great factory near the railroad track, he spoke of what the factory had paid for labor in September, 1893 ($33,000), and of what it paid in September, 1899 ($103,000), to point a brief prosperity speech, in which he used the epigrammatic sentence, "The hum of industry drowns the voice of calamity."

In Chicago the President was present at numerous functions, made many brief addresses, and participated in the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone and in the great parade celebrating the rebuilding of Chicago. But the most characteristic picture which some who saw him retain is of him as he stood in the rear door of his car returning the greetings of the switchmen and brakemen scattered along the track in the Chicago railroad yards.

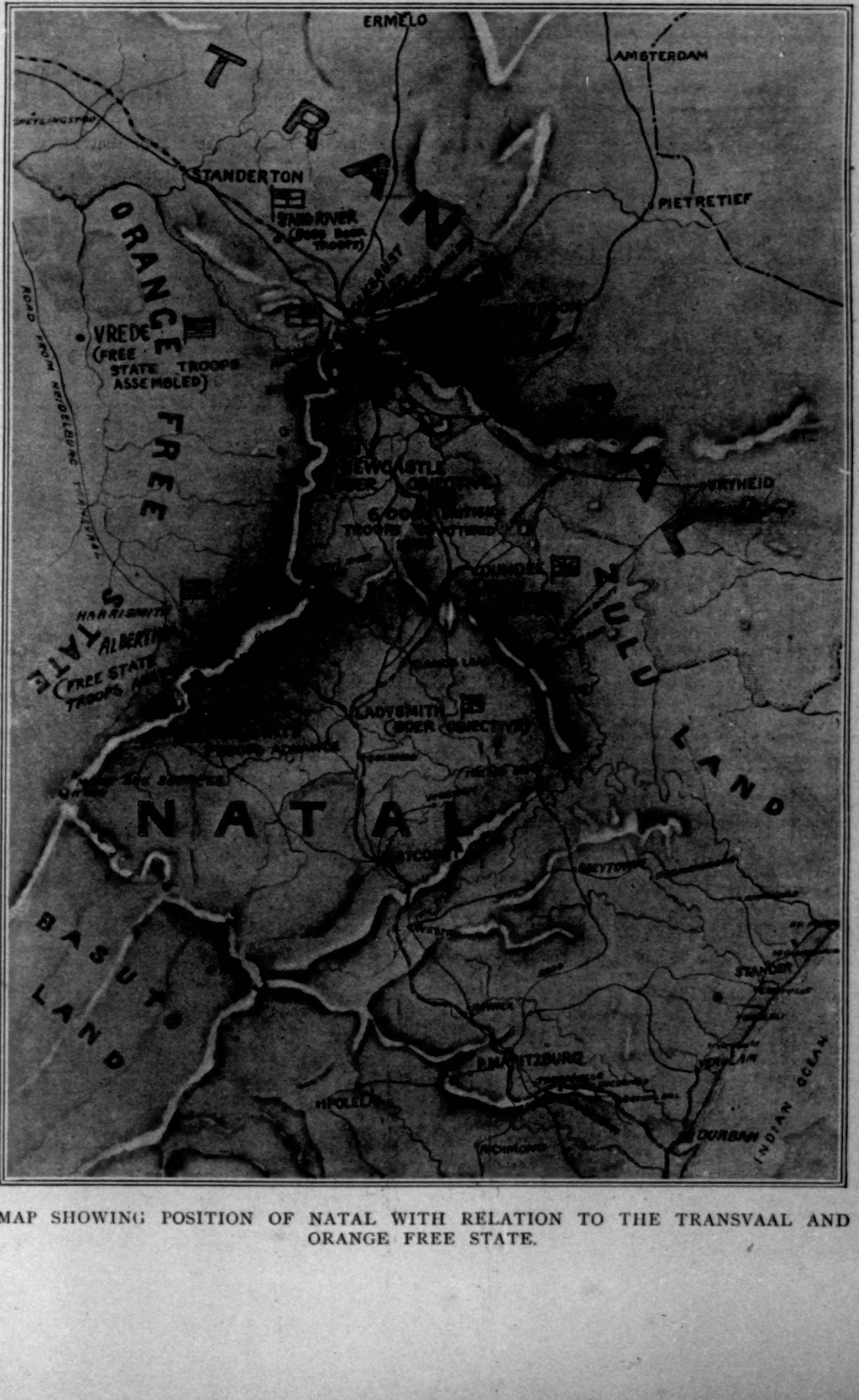
Leaving Chicago at the close of the autumn festival and celebration, the President travelled the entire length of Indiana to attend the reunion of the Blue and the Gray, at Evansville, and returned by the same way, speaking at every place to the great crowds that gathered. He then went to Minneapolis and St. Paul to welcome the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers, just back from the Philippines. This was made the occasion of a somewhat extended defence of the expansion policy—a defence which was evidently heartily approved by these people dwelling upon the edge of the Louisiana Purchase.

On this journey notable speeches were also made by members of the cabinet, all of whom were with the President during a portion of the tour. Postmaster-General Smith delivered the oration of the day at the Lincoln-Douglas celebration and at the corner-stone ceremonies in Chicago. Secretary Root reviewed the Philippine situation in his stirring tribute to the "American Soldier," at the Marquette Club dinner, and briefer speeches were made by one or more at various towns along the way.

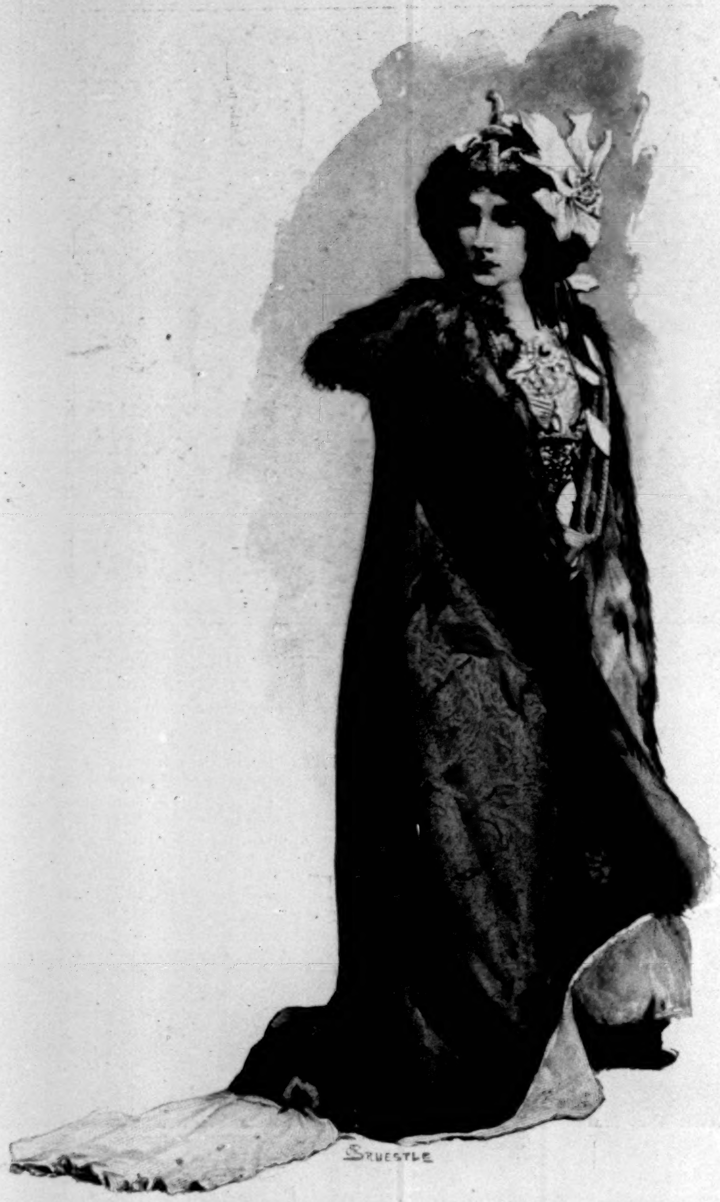
Doubtless many had the anxious feeling which was expressed by one—that the President and his cabinet should not all risk their lives upon one train; but the people forgot their anxiety for the time in their great delight at seeing with the President those who are his special support and counsel. And it is to be doubted if a Chief Executive ever had a more harmonious, agreeable, or trusted cabinet about him.

The interest in the Chicago celebration was still further heightened by the presence of Premier Laurier of Canada, and of Vice-President Mariscal of Mexico, both of whom participated in the exercises and received the hearty greetings of the people.

The President at the time of this writing is still *en tour*. He will return with the consciousness of the sympathy of the West; for, whatever one's attitude toward his policy may be, one must feel, who has followed him in his trip, that the farmer, the working-man, the manufacturer, the merchant, all have a good-will for the President under whom prosperity has come to them. And there is an element of affection in this good-will for which his personality only will account.



MAP SHOWING POSITION OF NATAL WITH RELATION TO THE TRANSVAAL AND ORANGE FREE STATE.



JULIA ARTHUR AS *JOSEPHINE.*

Miss Arthur in "More Than Queen"

A Gorgeous Production.

M. ÉMILE BERGERAT," said Binkinson, after we had seen Miss Julia Arthur's production of "More than Queen" ("Plus que Reine") in Boston, "has availed himself of an idea of mine that I was just going to copyright. It takes a clever man to write a play, and a genius to get one produced. M. Bergerat and I know how to get a play produced. There are only a few things an actor-manager wants. He wants a play that the simplest intelligence, even his own, can understand, and in which he has all the exits and entrances and all the good lines; he wants to wear his noble face clean shaven—actors hate to wear beards—and to have everybody else on the stage under a cloud of whiskers; and he must have at least five full changes of glad rags." Whether or not one grants Binkinson's contention, it cannot be doubted that this particular play is of the clothes-horse kind, remarkable mainly for the beauty and variety of the costumes that can be hung on it. It was written for Madame Bernhardt, three or four years ago, and no doubt she would have produced it if she had not got the *Hamlet* bee in her bonnet and abandoned skirts, even the most marvellous. It was transferred to Coquelin, who produced it after he had exhausted "Cyrano"; but his failure as *Napoleon* and Madame Jane Hading's success as *Josephine* only emphasize its virtue as a play for an actress-manager, and indicate that Miss Arthur's success in it was a foregone conclusion. It has a prologue and five acts, all splendidly gorgeous dreams of superb scenic magnificence, as the press agent would say, if he could limit himself to such unstudied phrases; and the French playwright has gone a touch beyond the sublime in constructing his dialogue so that the audience is carefully prepared for the full glory of each succeeding costume. Your plain dramatist busies himself with leading up adroitly to the entrance of this or that star and foreshadowing his character; M. Bergerat leads up to the clothes his people wear. When *Josephine* is to appear in her ball costume as Cleopatra she talks about it some five minutes behind the scenes; then she thrusts her resplendent coiffure forth between two curtains, extends her jewel-laden arm to greet her interlocutor, and finally bursts forth in her splendid entirety, coruscating with an Egyptian splendor of brilliants that dance and sparkle like the sunlit Nile. At least on Miss Arthur they suggest the Nile, though on any other actress they would be apt—in the merry jest of Messrs. Weber & Fields—to remind one of the Rhine. Before the grand coronation scene we are forewarned of the number and size of the gems in *Josephine's* diadem, and we are given ocular demonstration that the head that wears the diadem is uneasy from its weight. We are told that *Napoleon's* ermine robe weighs a ton or so. Altogether the play is a marvel of dramatic construction.

The Apotheosis of the Clothes-horse.

To be altogether just, Binkinson should have added that the plot of the play, such as it is, is handled as adroitly as the costumes. *Napoleon* and *Josephine* are carefully, if somewhat conventionally, characterized, and are played off against each other with real dramatic force. Even at the time when they meet to fall romantically in love, at the ebb-tide of their early fortunes, it is clearly intimated that *Napoleon's* love is not of the kind to endure his coming successes; and the historic predicament that forces *Napoleon* to divorce *Josephine* for dynastic reasons is very skilfully built up. More than this, the somewhat apocryphal halo of Josephine's sainthood is very dexterously placed upon her brow. The sacrifice that makes her more than queen—that is to say, a woman—brings the play to an end that has the lift of true dramatic feeling, and that brings the clutch of sorrow about the heart. For the moment, one quite forgets her gown and the splendor of her other surroundings. Nobody but a Frenchman could evolve so noble a moment from the appurtenances and impertinences of the modiste and the jeweller.

The Case of Miss Julia Arthur.

Miss Arthur's triumph as *Josephine* is precisely what one would have expected from her previous work; or at least is so consonant with it that one inevitably takes the air of having told you so. Her temperament, or, more properly, her temper, is so singularly simple and passionate that of all American actresses she alone perhaps is able to fuse vitality into the cumbersome structure of her stage-carpenter; and no other of our actresses has the warmth of blood and single splendor of good looks to survive the work of her costumer. Her *Josephine* has the vigor of *Clorinda Wildairs* and the intense emotion of *Mercedes.* But M. Bergerat's *Josephine* is more than either of these, or both; her charm is that of the creole, at once childlike, subtle, and seductive. As *Parthenia* Miss Arthur failed to denote the fine sincerity requisite; her *Galatea* lacked the final touch of girlish tenderness and innocence; her *Rosalind* was without buoyancy of manner and depth of feeling. In a word, Miss Arthur is full of the color and vigor of womanhood, without the flexible skill that alone makes possible an artistic impersonation. "She is Queen, easily Queen," said Binkinson; "but more than Queen? Don't you believe her." Perhaps it is to be regretted that fortune has made it possible for her to take a short-cut to the costliest experiments in stage production and to the most difficult dramatic impersonations. A well-organized stock company, if we were lucky enough to have one, would breed in her the feeling for variety and subtlety in impersonation, for there is no doubt as to her energy and ambition, and very little as to her intelligence. Even the necessity of making the most financially of each experiment would tend to a broader and more thorough cultivation of her talents. As it is, I fear she is suffering the fate of a successful actor-manager, without warrant of the success. The great mass of uncritical theatre-goers, at least outside of New York, may be relied on to applaud Miss Arthur and her productions as long as they are both so simply and splendidly appealing; but there is as yet no sure indication that she is ascending the difficult path of artistic progress.

The Company.

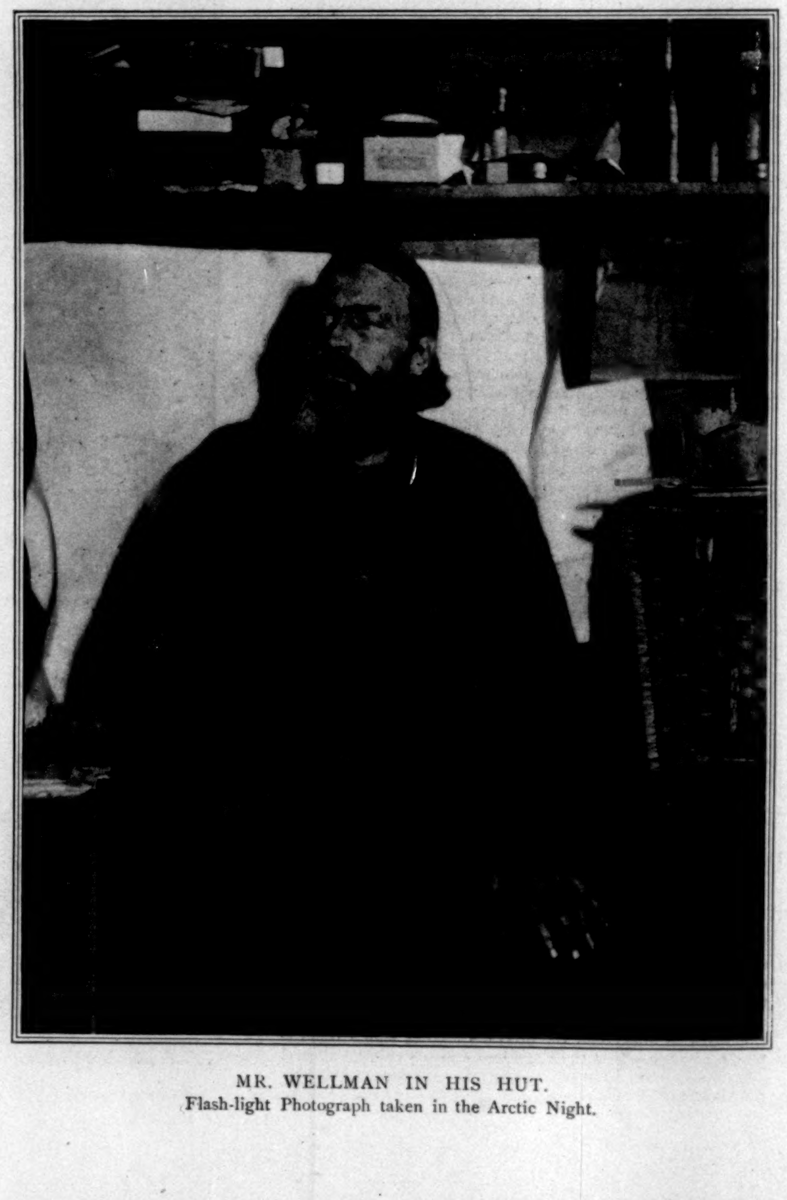
The people in the production—who, as the programme informs us, are under Miss Arthur's "own personal" direction—share the qualities of their chief, in that they are genteelly sufficient. The crowds are competently managed, and none of the individuals is glaringly wrong. Mr. William Humphrey looks the part of *Napoleon* conventionally well. No one could possibly find that his brow does not decline sufficiently, nor that his hands do not fold and unfold in the conventional Napoleonic manner. But his excitability is without force, and his egotism without dignity. Mr. R. A. Roberts's *Lucien* struck me, on the whole, as sincere and artistic, with a touch of the strength of reserve, and I resist with difficulty the temptation to give his rather small part a larger pedestal of its own. From Boston the play comes to the Broadway Theatre, New York.

JOHN CORBIN.

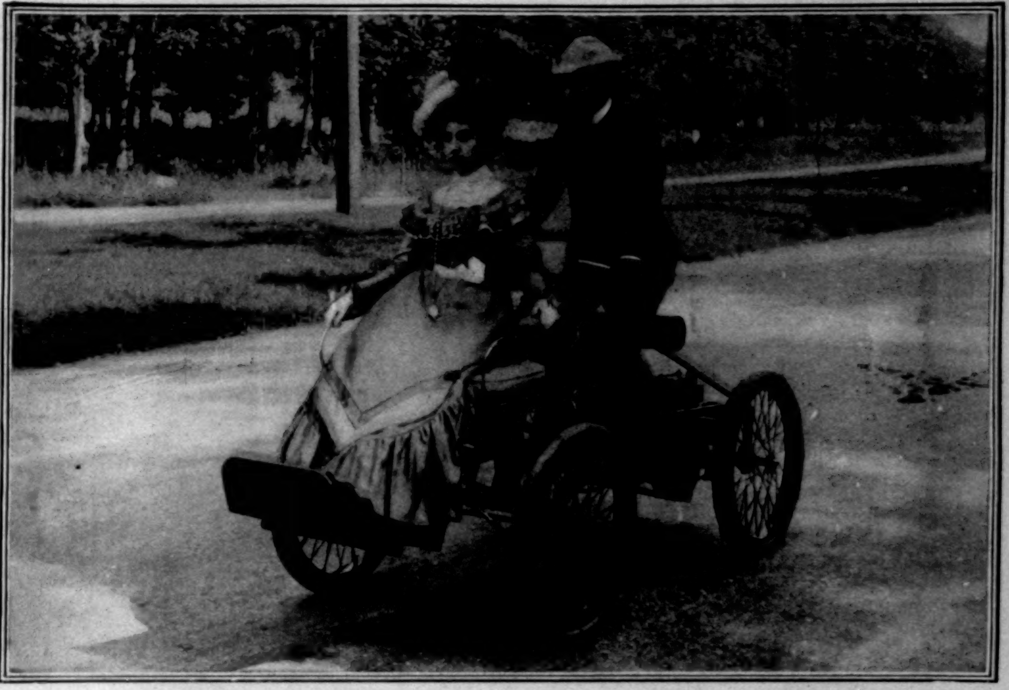
Walter Wellman Arctic Expedition

MR. WELLMAN'S first dash towards the pole, in 1897, was supported in part by his newspaper connections. The second expedition had more of a scientific backing. It received not only encouragement but material support from the National Geographical Society of Washington and the American Museum of Natural History of New York; and the hope that it might find and be of some assistance to the ill-fated Andrée and his two companions lent it additional interest. But both in this and in staking out a line of march farther north than has heretofore been reached the expedition was doomed to disappointment. It suffered, moreover, the loss, by death, of one of its bravest members. Otherwise it returns with valuable geographical and scientific information, and an interesting story of adventure.

The larger features of the story include the starting out of the party of nine from Tromsö, on June 26, 1898, on the sealer *Fridtjof,* the stopping at Archangel for the



MR. WELLMAN IN HIS HUT.
Flash-light Photograph taken in the Arctic Night.

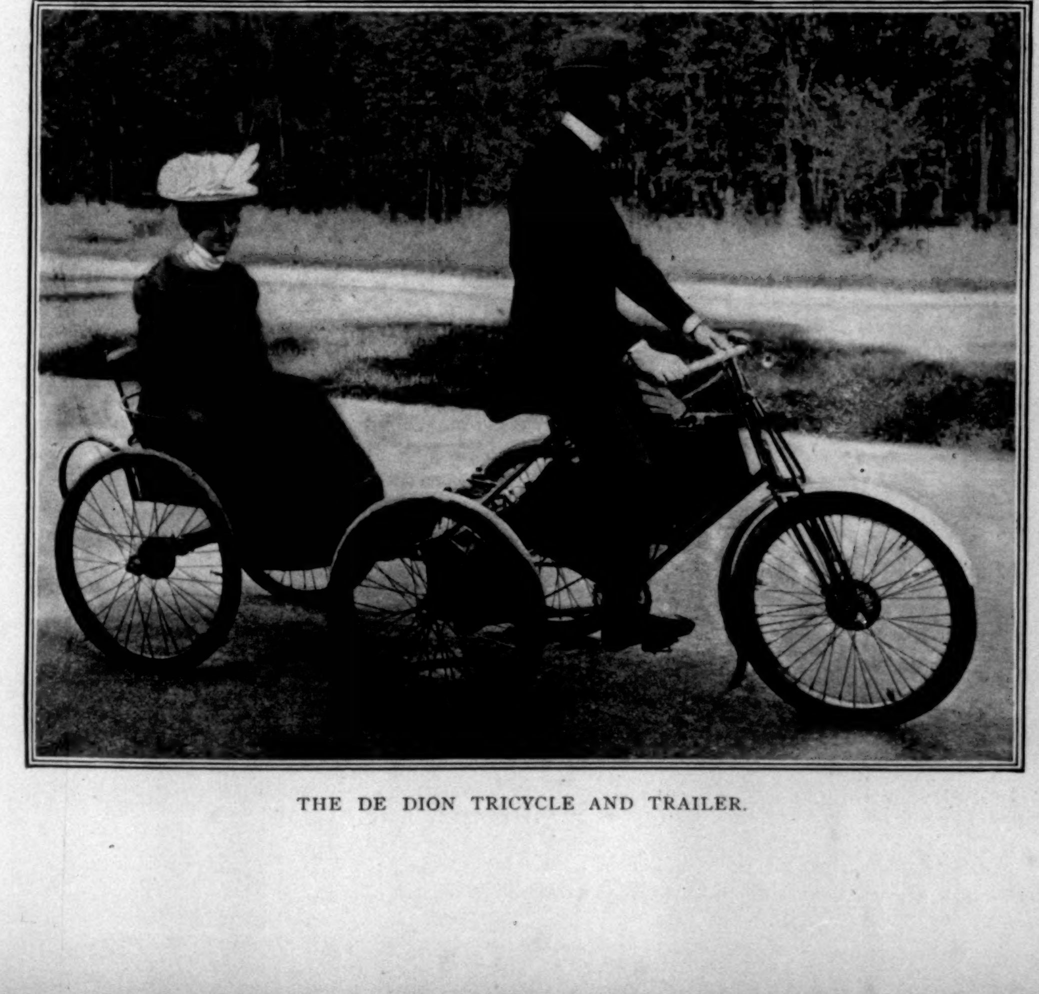


THE MOTOR CYCLE: AN IDEA FROM FRANCE—MOTORETTE À DEUX.

eighty-three Siberian dogs engaged, and the arrival at Cape Flora, Franz-Joseph Land, where stands Elmwood, the headquarters of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, named after Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's country place in Kent. The union-jack still floated in the arctic breeze, and the lonely settlement remained just as it had been left. Here it was hoped that some trace would be found of Andrée. Having full permission, they opened the house, and took on board their boat a small collapsible house to be used as a depot during the winter. They left the usual letters on the table in the house for the benefit of future travellers and as a record of their visit, and then fastened up the house behind them. Before sailing they hoisted the American flag under the British. Then came the exciting battle with the ice, when the good ship literally ploughed her way through the frozen white fields. And often many attacks, many jarring, crashing lunges, were necessary before the Ice King would give way. The captain sits aloft in the crow's-nest (a barrel lashed to the top of the mainmast) and spies out for cracks and crevasses. In other words, he seeks for the enemy's weak points and attacks him there. Often it is a question between the ice and the oak, or, as Mr. Wellman puts it, water frozen into ice and water heated into steam. At last the party reached Cape Tegetthoff, on July 30, and on August 3 the steamer returned to Norway. Here, on a sloping beach, where only one previous expedition is known to have landed, they built a house for winter quarters, calling it Harmsworth House, and flying over it the stars and stripes. From here Mr. Baldwin of the party, with five Norwegians, was sent forward to push as far north as the remaining summer weather would allow, and to establish at his farthest point a station of supplies to be used in the grand dash for the pole the next spring. He built a house and stocked it at Cape Heller, latitude 81. This he left in charge of two Norwegian volunteers, Bentzer and Bjoervig, naming it Fort McKinley. This was completed on October 22, just as the arctic night was closing in. The depot was built of stone, the walls being three feet thick. It was 6 feet by 22, and was covered with walrus hides, as water-proof as possible. Outside the main walls there was a stone corridor, banked up with snow. In this a large supply of blubber, drift-wood, and walrus meat was stored. This was an eight-day journey from Harmsworth House, where the party spent the long, dark winter. It would be almost amusing, if it were not so pathetic, to hear them tell how comfortable they were. The canvas-covered house was completely buried in the snow. The explorers slept at night on the floor in reindeer-skin sleeping-bags. They had a variety of tinned food, and all the delicacies of the arctic market—walrus meat, bear meat, and frozen fish. Forty-seven bears were killed, and several times the bears took a turn about and came near to getting one of the party. Many scientific observations were made during the winter, and before the sun returned—on February 18, to be exact—Mr. Wellman, with three Norwegians, on sledges with dogs, started north, leaving the other members of the party at headquarters. This was nearly a month earlier than the start made by Nansen in 1895, and great results were reasonably expected. When they reached Fort McKinley they found poor Bentzer (one of Nansen's men) dead.

There are few more thrilling stories of arctic experience than that of Bjoervig, who, faithful to a promise made to his companion, slept by the side of the dead man for two dark, dreary months. He had no books, no companions but dogs, and of course little to do. Mr. Wellman says they were surprised to find him sane and in good spirits, and asked him how he had kept himself going. His pitiful answer was that he used to be fond of the sound of his own voice in his loneliness, and helped the time to pass by reciting aloud, over and over again, all the Norwegian poetry he knew. After the burial of the dead man under a high mound of stones, to protect his body from the bears and foxes, the whole party set out for the north, and reached latitude 82 by March 20. With such a good start, with a full supply of dogs and food, they fully expected to get within two or three degrees of the pole, if not actually to reach it. Mr. Wellman does not dwell much upon the sufferings attendant upon such an expedition, and continues to tell in what good form the men were and how confident they were of great results. Yet few could be happy travelling in a temperature of from 25 to 45 below zero, sleeping in a tent, with no fires for heating or drying, with blankets and sleeping-bags frozen stiff like sheets of metal, which two hours of the body's heat would only thaw into wet wrappings. It was while still on the way north that the chief of the expedition fell into a snow-hidden crevasse and bruised and sprained his right leg. Ignorant of how serious the injury was, and careless, the explorer kept on. The doctors now tell him that if he has failed to reach the pole, he has at least saved his life, for if he had gone on he would surely have died. But here comes the climax of the story, as Mr. Wellman tells it. On the night of March 22 there was a great break-up of the ice-field on which they were encamped. Before they could even get out of their sleeping-bags the ice opened up in great crevasses under them. Getting outside, they found the ice in a great state of upheaval and violent motion. The deep water opened all around them, and a number of dogs and sledges were lost. In the darkness and storm it was impossible to see in what direction, if in any, safety lay, and they did not know in what moment they would be hurled into the water under the tilting avalanches of ice. All manner of chances were taken in leaping, with what provisions could be carried, from one block of ice to another, until a place of safety was reached. In spite of their losses, they would probably have pushed on had not Mr. Wellman's leg, now swollen to twice its natural size, demanded a retreat. Forced marches were made back to medical assistance at Harmsworth House.

Of the results of the expedition, the islands discovered and named in honor of the friends of the expedition, and the scientific facts obtained, it is perhaps too soon to speak; but at least it may be said that these adventurers have made practically a new map of the region visited.



THE DE DION TRICYCLE AND TRAILER.

The Motor Cycle

THE academicians have proposed the word "motorette" to designate the bicycle type of automobile, but the Paris boulevardier has his own mind in such matters, and prefers the more picturesque term of "teuf-teuf." You may count the little machine by the hundred in the streets of the French capital, and the odor of their burnt gases is everywhere. The "teuf-teuf" may be nothing more than a toy of the rich man to-day, but to-morrow the poor man will count it as one of the ordinary necessities of existence. It is the history of the bicycle over again.

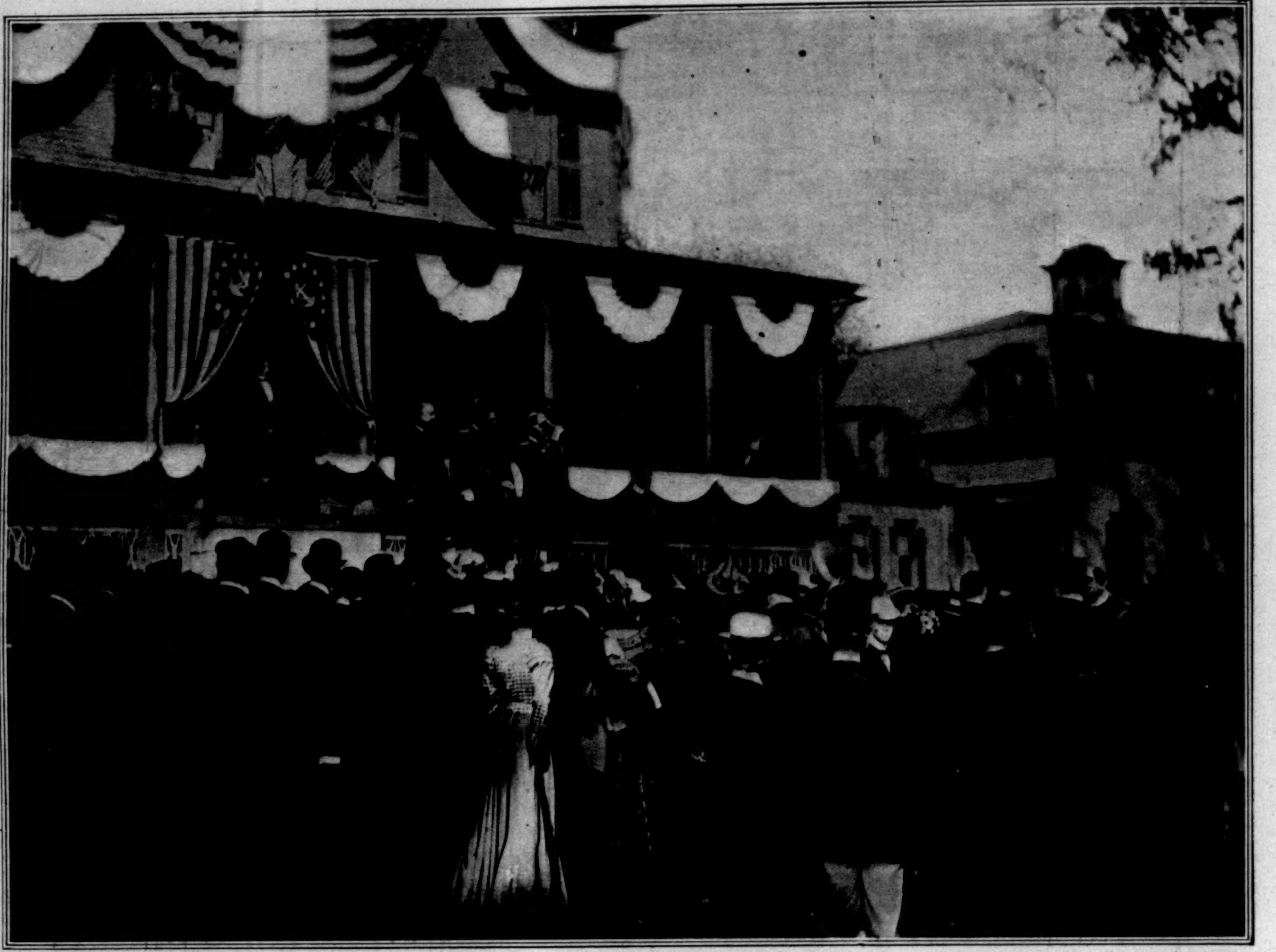
It is something over a dozen years since the Count de Dion began experimenting with his famous tricycle, and since then over fourteen thousand of the machines have been sold. It is the "teuf-teuf" that has given the great impetus to the vogue of the horseless carriage, and its popularity in France has been due, first, to the excellent road system of the Continent, and, secondly, to the comparatively reasonable price at which the machine is sold and the small cost of running it. Gasoline has lately gone up in price, but its market cost will have to be two or three times what it is before the petroleum-driven engine ceases to afford the cheapest known form of locomotion. Mr. Kenneth Skinner, of the Waltham Manufacturing Company, recently made the trip between Boston and New York (251 miles) in seventeen hours, and at a total cost for transportation of forty-five cents—forty cents for naphtha, and five cents for lubricating oil.

The machine proper is a tricycle, and it is shown in one illustration with a trailer attached. But, by an ingenious attachment, it can be converted into a quadricycle, the two front wheels carrying an extra seat for a passenger, and if desired a trailer can also be hooked on behind. On level, smooth roads the machine can make fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and with slight assistance from the pedals it will mount a fifteen-per-cent. grade. The newer type of tricycles are now fitted with a two-and-a-quarter horse-power motor instead of the motor of one and three-quarters horse-power used in the earlier models.

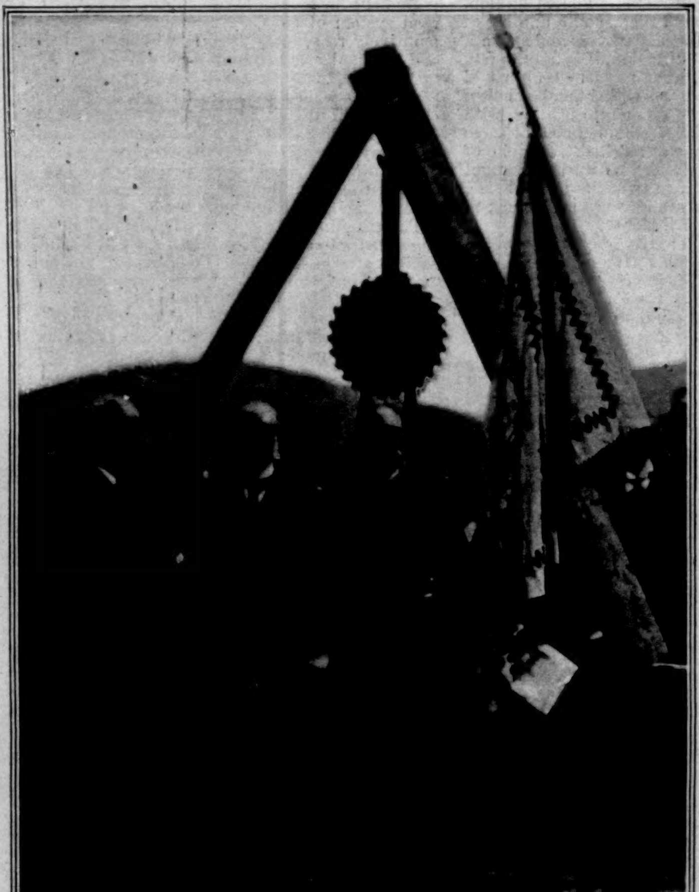
As yet there are only a comparatively small number of these motor cycles in use in the United States, but they are being sold as fast as they can be imported and set up. And they may be seen any day rushing about the streets of Boston and its suburbs. Complicated as the mechanism looks in the illustration, it is really very simple in its manipulation. The motor works upon the same principle as a steam-engine, but it requires no boiler, for instead of turning water into steam, it expands naphtha into gas.

This expansion acts upon the piston of the engine, and is so sudden and forcible that it is technically called an explosion. It is to be understood that this explosion is caused by an electric spark within the cylinder, the spark being generated by a dry battery and emitted at regular intervals. The rapidity of the spark is under the control of the operator, and, together with the amount of gas admitted into the cylinder, determines the speed at which the motor works. The noise of the explosion is almost entirely deadened by a muffling-chamber, and the combustion is so perfect that very little odor is perceptible. When the machine is running at full speed the noise of the successive explosions is hardly louder than the click-click of a sewing-machine. In the earlier types of gas-engine it was necessary to encase the cylinder in a water-jacket to keep from overheating, but in these small de Dion motors the same purpose is accomplished by means of radiating ribs, a saving of both bulk and weight. The motor cycle proper is neither a racing-machine nor a park carriage. It is pre-eminently the machine for the man of moderate means; it occupies the same place among automobiles as the "knockabout" does in the yachting world. The regular size of gasoline-tank contains enough oil for a run of fifty miles—a Saturday afternoon's outing. And, best of all, it is a coast all the way—a fifty-mile toboggan slide. Human muscle has its limits, but the gas-engine knows only the will of its master. What the bicycle has begun the motor cycle is destined—and it may be sooner than we think—to carry to fulfilment—the gospel of out-of-door relaxation for both mind and body.

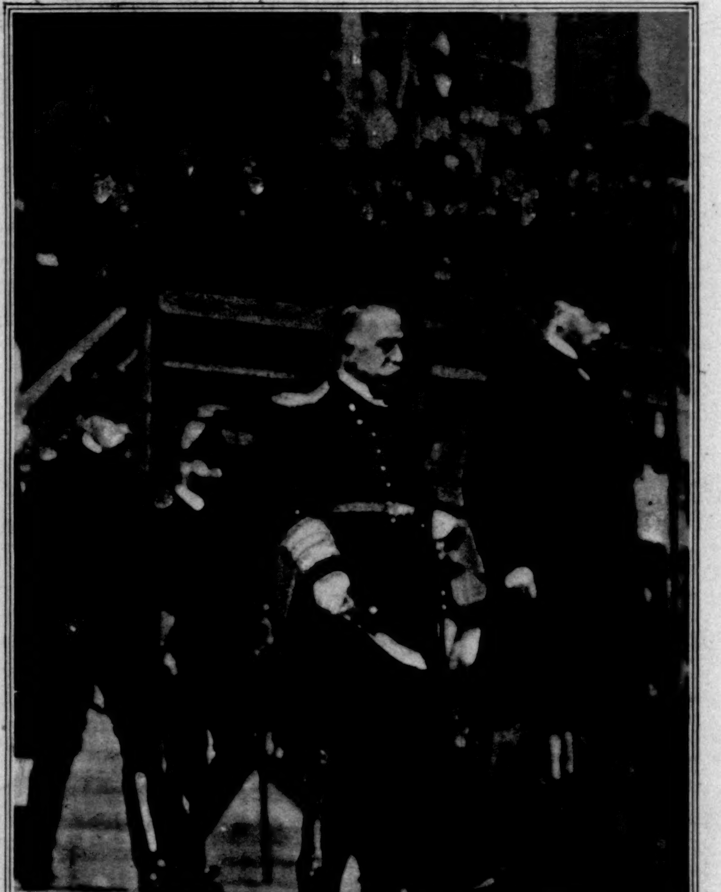
VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.


Governor Smith.
Senator Proctor.

MONTPELIER, THURSDAY—ADMIRAL DEWEY LEAVING GOVERNOR SMITH'S HOUSE TO REVIEW THE PARADE.


Senator Depew.

NORTHFIELD, FRIDAY—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF DEWEY HALL, NORWICH UNIVERSITY.


Governor Wolcott.

BOSTON, SATURDAY—ON THE STATE-HOUSE STEPS, GOING TO REVIEW THE PARADE.

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S HOME WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. LAZARNICK, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE OPENING OF THE COLLEGES

THE SOPHOMORE–FRESHMAN WRESTLING MATCH AT YALE.
The Substitute for the old-time Rush. A Feature of Opening Week.

HOW many there are who find the college the centre of their special interest and affection may be guessed from the fact that the colleges and universities begin the new academic year with probably more than 150.000 students. If it be assumed, as it may be with safety, that in the happiness and welfare of every one of these students there are at least six persons deeply concerned, father, mother, guardian, brothers, sisters, friends—and it often happens that a whole village or community is so interested—then a million people are gathered as a cloud of witnesses about these halls of higher learning.

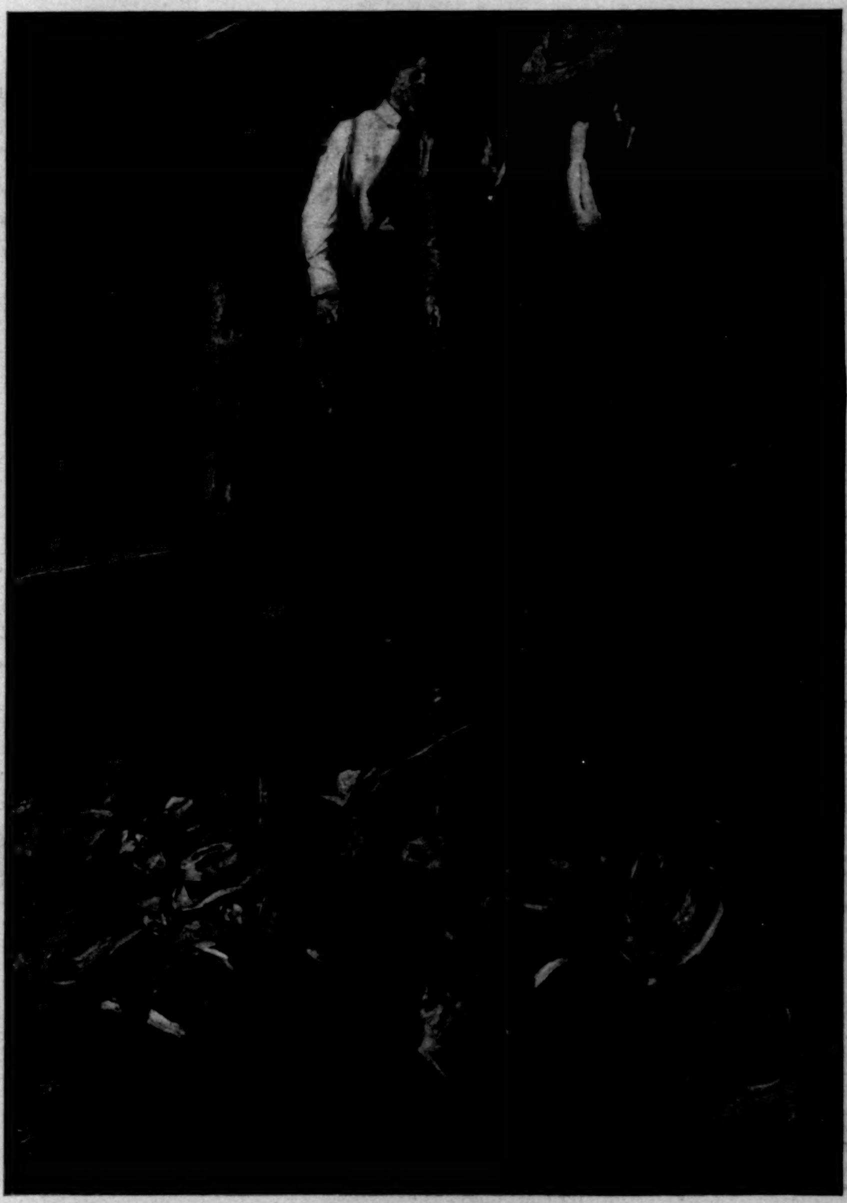
And there is another multitude composed of those who have a professional, commercial, economic, or filial interest—those who teach, feed, clothe, and house the students, and those who have been students in the past. When to these are added those who give to the colleges, those who erect the buildings, those who invest and care for college funds, and then, outside of these, those who are interested in one or another of the phases of student life—debates, athletics, etc.—and, still further, those who surround the different institutions with the evidences of their local pride and affection, the college becomes the centre of a great population, whose census the imagination even cannot readily take.

Such a statistical reflection is worth while if there is any disposition to pessimistic thoughts over the proneness of the human heart to lower things.

The economic and social phenomena which the gathering of young men and young women presents are full of hopeful suggestion. The fact that $50,000,000 are annually spent for maintenance of the college students is a tribute to the thrift, the self-sacrifice, the high-mindedness, of the parent generation; that the colleges themselves have $25,000,000 more to spend annually for higher education is witness to an unmatched private if not public beneficence; and that between one hundred and two hundred thousand young men and young women desire or are willing to get an education certainly gives presage of a more intelligent and a sounder democracy in the future, if indeed it be that this great fund is wisely spent.

In order that the conditions at the opening of the new year might be presented with some accuracy to the readers of the WEEKLY, letters were addressed to the Presidents of a number of representative colleges in different parts of the country, making inquiry concerning attendance, causes of increase or decrease, the tendency in the election of courses, etc.

The answers received from twenty-five or thirty colleges, which we have reason to believe show conditions that obtain generally, contain much material of more than academic interest.



THE FRESHMAN'S FIRST NIGHT AT PRINCETON.
Open-air Concerts which have taken the place of the abolished Hazing.

In the first place, there has been a general increase in attendance. Nearly every institution on the list reports more students than last year. The increase varies from 10 per cent. to 30 per cent., and in two cases reaches 50 per cent. and 100 per cent. There are but three exceptions, and these are not striking. The President of one of these three attributes the decrease to a small-pox scare in the town, a severe drought in the vicinity, and the enterprise of the State university in advertising free tuition. And yet the numbers there have not appreciably diminished, so eager is the desire for higher education in the Ozarks.

One correspondent complains with some bitterness of the "business" methods employed by some colleges in getting students. The competition is as sharp as it is between great manufacturing houses, and the more sensitive and less enterprising suffer. The result of this competition has been in some States the unification of the public educational institutions—the same tendency which is manifested in the combinations in the industrial world. The courses of study in the high-schools are brought into correlation with the State university curricula, so that the high-school graduate may have no impediment in his way to a college degree. So intimate has this relationship become in one State that the smaller colleges of the State have organized an association to secure representation in the State Board of Education to protect their interests.

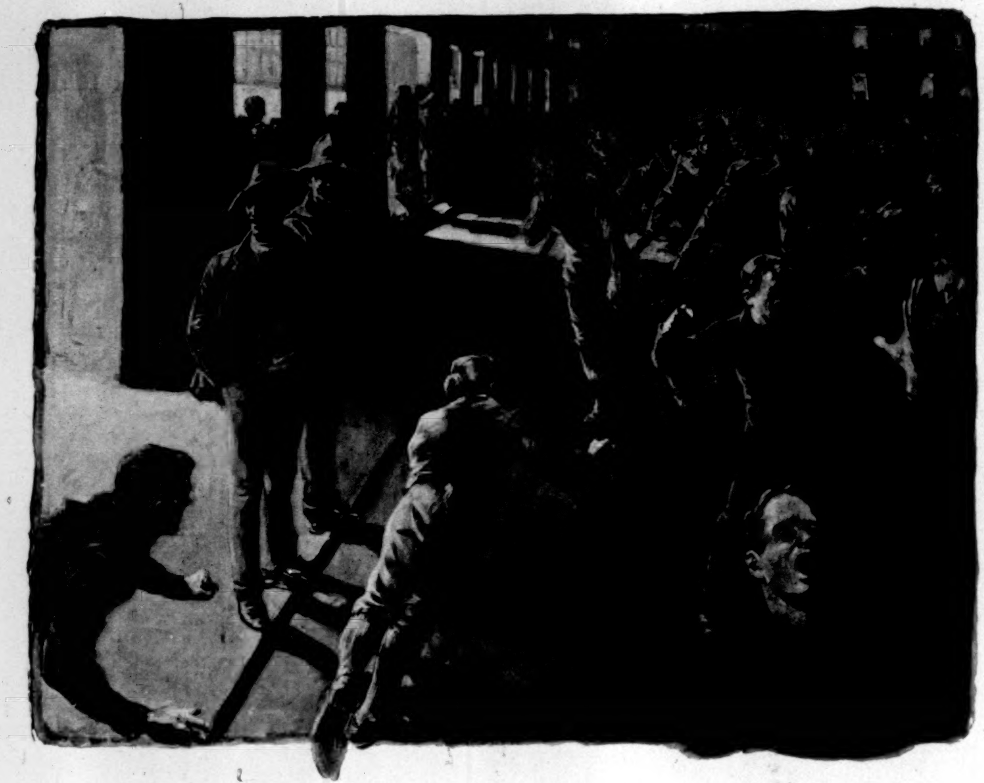
But this tendency is apparent, too, even in the privately endowed university. The University of Chicago, for example, has "affiliated" with itself a number of secondary schools and several colleges—the former feeding its academic departments, the latter its higher classes and graduate schools. The university prescribes the course of study, prepares the questions for examination, and furnishes school supplies at wholesale prices. If this policy of educational paternalism, or maternalism, continues, the college President may revert again to the scholastic type, and competition end in affiliation.

Apropos of all this comes the negative testimony of President Carter of Williams College, who says that the reason for their not having a greater increase this year is that Williams has no fitting-school, no constant source of supply, such as affiliated secondary schools furnish. This raises the question of the future of the smaller college. Is it to become a waning influence? No such fate is foreshadowed in the statistics that are reported this year. While the State universities of the West—as of Wisconsin, Kansas, Minnesota, and Illinois—show great increase in attendance, the census embraces the professional and technical as well as the academic departments, and furthermore there seems to be almost as great an increase in the smaller institutions. It is manifest that while the large are growing larger the small are not growing smaller. There are indications that the smaller colleges may lose upper-class men who are looking to professional or technical courses, for not only are the advantages greater in the universities for specialization, but in many the student may take his last year in the academic department and his first year in the professional school at the same time. This credit is not, as a rule, allowed the graduate of the small college, whose course in the professional school is thus lengthened by a year. But certainly for the disciplinary years of the academic course, and even for the later, the smaller college, with its intimate relationship between teacher and student, its democratic, simple life, and its moral enthusiasms, which numbers tend to dampen, has advantages.

Dr. Henry Hopkins, the son of the most famous of the great small-college Presidents, in an address in Boston not long ago, said that the men who had brought greatest distinction to the large universities were graduates of those institutions when they were small colleges. But President Eliot, who listened to this remark with incredulous smile, would doubtless make rejoinder that the children of the greater day were but coming to their prime.

But to go back to our statistics. The Presidents, with almost unanimous voice, attribute the increased attendance chiefly to the more prosperous times and to the growing interest in education. This response comes from California, where Leland Stanford has had an increase of 250 students (due perhaps more, however, to the established future of the institution), from Colorado, from Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, and from the States on this side of the Alleghenies. A gentleman who has recently returned from a study of economic conditions in the West speaks of this increased college attendance as one of the unfailing signs of prosperity.

There is, however, this as potent cause, which most of the Presidents have overlooked: the broadening scope of the college curricula. President Nott of Union College, at almost the middle of the century, advocated a more elastic and varied curriculum, on the ground that fewer and fewer men were going to college. Then most young men who entered college had the learned professions in prospect. Now, as recent statistics



"BLOODY MONDAY" AT HARVARD.

The Rush which follows the Reception to the Freshmen at Sanders' Theatre.

show for Yale (and the conditions at Yale are typical), at least a third have other fields of activity in mind. At the close of the last century, ninety-two per cent. of the graduates of Yale entered the "learned professions," as follows: Forty-two per cent., law; thirty-nine per cent., ministry; eight per cent., medicine; and three per cent., teaching and science; leaving only eight per cent. for business and farming.

At the close of this century only sixty-two per cent. of the graduates enter the "learned professions" (thirty-five per cent., law; seven per cent., ministry; eight per cent., medicine; and twelve per cent., teaching and science), while thirty-one per cent. enter upon business careers, three per cent, journalism, and one per cent. farming. These percentages do not take into account (I assume) the graduates of the scientific and technical schools, who are enumerated, however, in the college census.

Apropos of the small percentage of farmer graduates, the Secretary of Agriculture tells me of the great need of soil physicists, plant pathologists, and the like. There are few problems that more strenuously demand trained minds and hands than those relating to agriculture.

And President Tucker of Dartmouth said, a few days ago, in defence of the present rather small showing of ministers on the part of the colleges established primarily (as most of them were) for the training of a Christian ministry, the percentage having fallen tremendously (from thirty-nine per cent. to seven per cent. at Yale, where conditions are supposed to be most favorable), that the ministry was over-crowded, and that there were not funds to send into mission fields those who were willing to go. It should perhaps we noted, in this connection, that the moral tone of the colleges is higher to-day than in their earlier years, though the forms of religious expression have changed. There are traditions of the time when there was only one professing Christian at Yale; now, it is reported, the Y.M.C.A. is so popular that care has to be taken in receiving new members.

The broadening scope of the college curricula, the increasing variety and richness of the courses, the correlation of studies with the needs of the time, are perhaps responsible for much of the increase. Then, too, physicians, surgeons, lawyers, ministers, dentists, are now largely trained in professional schools, instead of private offices and church parsonages (another factor in the swelling census); and still further, many of the best professional schools, theological, legal, medical, and even dental, are coming to require a college degree for admission.

But allowing for all these latter causes, there is still a growing demand for mere disciplinary or culture training. A letter from the President of Middlebury College, Vermont, recites, with evident satisfaction, that the "attendance is larger than at any time since 1838, and the Freshman class the largest with one exception since 1835." The explanation of this is "a growing acquaintance with the college" (Vermont is very much in evidence now), but partly "a growing affiliation with secondary schools through a series of Latin conferences," and "the reproduction of phases of Roman life" in dramatic and musical entertainments. He adds that the "classics have held their own there," and all will be prepared to believe this to be the case.

The returns show an increasing interest in economics, history, modern language, and applied science. The professional course toward which the student is looking has a determining influence on his undergraduate specialization. In one State, whose manufacturing interests are large, there is a trend, in the election of courses, to the mechanic arts; in a far-Western university mining courses are very popular. The tendency is obviously toward giving the student larger freedom and range of choice, but for the first two years the work is, as a rule, for the most part required, and is of a disciplinary nature.

I have found this suggestive table, comparing the work of the students of four of the leading institutions under widely differing systems, Harvard's being purely elective:

	Yale.	Chicago.	Princeton.	Harvard.
Ancient Languages	23.7	28.3	20.9	8.0
Modern Languages	14.0	13.8	7.2	22.4
History	11.6	10.7	7.6	14.3
Political Science	11.6	10.2	8.5	11.0
English	10.0	11.5	2.7	16.0
Mathematics	10.4	8.0	14.1	4.3
Philosophy	9.5	6.0	14.1	6.0
Natural Science	7.1	11.0	16.6	11.0

Many students now graduate with little Latin and less Greek, and often with none of either, substituting for these the modern languages, whose study President Hyde has likened to "vivisection." On the other hand, the majority graduate with an experience in original investigation and a knowledge of subjects that never came within the horizon of their fathers' or grandfathers' student life.

The average student of to-day enters college at nineteen—three or four years older, perhaps, than the student of a hundred years ago, but with the heritage of a century of scientific inquiry, with more difficult tasks and as great responsibilities, as well as opportunities, ahead of him, and with the affectionate interest of a whole people in his welfare. As he looks over into the new century, may he realize that the way it ends will depend in a good measure upon how he does his part.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him. Chatémuc is tortured to death for attempting to extinguish the sacred fire. Membré and Katonah escape in disguise. De Sancerre endeavors to see Coyocop. He is unable to do so, but discovers that she is really Julia de Aquilar. Katonah returns with a note from de la Salle. The Great Sun falls ill.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(*Continued.*)

WAVING his rapier threateningly at the giant's panting breast, de Sancerre drove the startled athlete through the entrance to the street, and then turned back to seize the trembling Noco by the arm.

"I have a message which you must take to Coyocop. If you should fail to gain her ear, the City of the Sun is doomed. Say this to her, that when I send a priest to summon her she must be quick to join me at the Great Sun's lodge. Repeat my words, señora."

Shaking the old crone roughly by the arm, de Sancerre bent down to catch her gasping voice.

"*Bien!*" he cried; "you've conned your lesson well! Go now, señora, and make no mistake! If you would save your dying King, see Coyocop and tell her what I say!"

In another instant the panting Noco, grumbling but overawed, had left the hut upon a mission for which she had no hungry heart.

De Sancerre drew back from the entrance, and dropped limply upon a bench. He had put into operation a hastily formed plan with an impetuosity which, in its rebound, left him faint and dazed. Suddenly a warm pressure upon his cold hands aroused him from his momentary submission to this enervating reaction. Looking down, he saw that Katonah was gazing up at him with sympathetic apprehension.

"I have placed you in great danger by my return!" she exclaimed. "I am going now. I will not come back."

She had arisen and was about to leave the hut. Seizing her hand, de Sancerre drew her to his side.

"No, *ma petite!* You are not at fault! Don't leave me—but do not speak! I must think—I must think! But my mind's in a whirl. *Courage*, Katonah! There! do not tremble so! *Ma foi*, little one, 'tis a hard nut we have to crack! There! do not move. Let me take your hand. *Bien!* Now let me think!"

Silence, intense, unbroken, reigned within the hut; while, outside, the hot sun beat down upon a city in which rumor itself had become voiceless in growing dread of a fatal word.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH COHEYOGO EXHIBITS HIS CRAFTINESS.

WHILE the Great Sun, by virtue of his divine origin, was technically the high priest of the nation, it had come about, at the time of Count Louis de Sancerre's sojourn among the sun-worshippers, that the chief of the holy men, upon whom devolved the duty of keeping alive the sacred fire, had, by the strength of his bigoted personality, usurped all religious authority, and had made the temple independent of and more potent than the royal cabin. While the chief priest had never openly defied the Great Sun, he had nevertheless gradually become the most influential personage in the nation.

It was the advent of Coyocop which had given to Coheyogo, the chief priest, an opportunity for making himself, with no visible break between the church and state, practically omnipotent in the City of the Sun.

Just how thoroughly Coheyogo believed that Julia de Aquilar was the very incarnation of the sun-spirit which tradition had assured his people would come to them from the shore of a distant sea, it is impossible to say. It is a fact, however, that from the moment of her arrival among the sun-worshippers the chief priest had openly accepted the maiden as a supernatural guest, from whom emanated an authority which he and his fellow-priests were in duty bound to obey. For the furtherance of his own ends and the increase of his own power, the crafty Coheyogo could have taken no better course.

It had come about that Noco as interpreter—the connecting link between the spirit of the sun and the chief priest of the temple—had found herself in a position of great influence. The old hag, a compound of superstition, spitefulness, and saturnine humor done up in a crumpled brown package, had derived malicious satisfaction from playing Coheyogo's game with a skill and an audacity which had saved her from the many perils which had menaced her in the pursuit of this eccentric pastime.

Coheyogo would visit Coyocop with Noco and lay before the sun-spirit some problem dealing with the attitude of the temple toward a question at that moment interesting the sun-worshippers. The quick-witted and fearless interpreter would answer the chief priest with advice originating in her own fertile brain, and in this way would protect Coyocop from cares of state, while she made a willing tool of Coheyogo and satisfied her own love of mischief. Within well-defined limitations, old Noco, at the moment of which we write, held under her control more actual power than either the Great Sun or the chief priest. As the tongue of Coyocop, the court of last resort in a priest-ridden state, the old crone, with little fear of detection, could put into the mouth of the sun-spirit whatever words she chose. Fortunately for Coyocop and the sun-worshippers, the aged linguist was at heart progressive rather than reactionary. She had cherished for years a detestation for the bloody sacrifices of the temple, which heterodoxy, had Coheyogo suspected it, would have long ago brought her life to a sudden end. As it was, the old interpreter had made use of Coyocop to mitigate, as far as possible, the horrors which a cruel cult, administered by heartless priests, had inflicted upon a brave, kindly, but too plastic race.

It was now a full hour past high noon, and Coheyogo stood, surrounded by the temple priests, confronting Cabanacte by the sacred fire. The interior of the sun-temple was not less repulsive to an unbiassed eye than the skull-crowned palisades outside. Divided into two rooms of unequal size, the interior of the blood-stained fane served the double purpose of a gigantic oven to keep the veins of the living at fever-heat, and of a tomb in which the bones of the noble dead might crumble into dust. In the larger of the two rooms, in which the chief priest was now holding a council of the elders, stood an altar seven feet long by two in width, and rising to a height of four feet above the floor. Upon this altar rested a long, hand-painted basket, in which reposed the remains of the reigning Great Sun's immediate predecessor.

The heat of the room was intense, for no windows broke the monotony of the temple's walls—baked-mud partitions nine inches in thickness. Rows of plaited mats covered the arched ceiling of the interior. At the end of the room farthest from the sacred fire, folding-doors, closed at this moment, opened into the private apartments of the chief priest. Running from these doors, along both sides of the smoke-blackened hall, wooden shelves supported the grewsome relics of horrid ceremonials. Long lines of baskets, daubed with red and yellow paint, contained the revered dust of Great Suns gone into the land of spirits, accompanied by the loyal souls of their strangled wives and retainers. Scattered between these tawdry urns, the shelves bore crudely wrought clay figures of men, women, serpents, owls, and eagles; and here and there an offering of fruit, meat, or fish stood ready to satisfy the craving of any uneasy ghost coming back dissatisfied with the cuisine of the spirit-world.

Grouped around the sacred fire, in which logs of oak and walnut preserved a flame which the sun-god had vouchsafed to man in a remote day of grace, the temple priests, whose dark faces bore evidence of their internal agitation, stood listening and watching, as Cabanacte and Coheyogo faced each other at this crisis and discussed, in subdued tones, a question of immediate significance. As the chosen discoverer of Coyocop, the instrument employed by the great spirit for the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy, Cabanacte occupied an influential position in the eyes of the temple brotherhood. The inspiration from on high, which had turned the giant's feet toward a haunted shingle upon which the spirit of the sun lay asleep, might at any moment stir his tongue with words of divine origin. Since the night upon which Cabanacte had brought Coyocop to the City of the Sun, he had always been listened to with rapt attention by the jealous guardians of the sacred fire.

"He threatens me, you say?" muttered Coheyogo, angrily, gazing up at Cabanacte with flashing eyes. "And you have told the people that the Great Sun dies because I do not worship this white-faced conjurer who says the moon is his? Beware, O Cabanacte, what you do! I'll dare the magic of his silver wand, and prove to him the sun-god is omnipotent."

Drawing himself up to his full height, until he towered a full half-foot above the stately sun-priest, Cabanacte exclaimed, in a low, insistent voice:

"Have you forgotten Coyocop? Did she not last night—old Noco tells the tale—command you to do honor to this white face from the moon? 'Tis you, Coheyogo, who should now take heed. 'Tis not moon-magic which you would defy. 'Tis Coyocop herself, the spirit of the sun, our god."

The chief priest remained silent for a time, gazing thoughtfully at the sacred fire, which seemed to roar and flash and snap and dance before his restless black eyes as if it threatened him with tortures for harboring a sacrilegious thought. Had not the spirit of the sun itself, through Coyocop's inspired tongue, commanded him to treat the nation's white-faced guest with all respect? The great power which Coheyogo had wielded for a year seemed to be slipping from his grasp. Its foundation-stone had been the word of Coyocop. Should he not heed her late behest he would pull the underpinning from beneath his tower of strength. Furthermore, the Great Sun, an easy-going monarch, subservient to the chief priest's stronger will, lay at death's door. His successor to the throne, his sister's son, Manatte, was a headstrong, stubborn youth, upon whom the influence of Coheyogo was but slight. Should the chief priest lose at one stroke the countenance of Coyocop and the good-will of the Great Sun, the supremacy of the temple would be destroyed upon the instant, and Coheyogo would find himself hurled from a pinnacle of power to a grovelling attitude among a people chafing under the cruel tyranny of a bloodthirsty priesthood.

Turning fretfully from the threatening blaze to glance up again at the steady eyes of Cabanacte, the chief priest said, "The words of Coyocop come straight from God." Facing then the expectant priests, he cried, sternly: "Go forth, my brothers, and bid the people to disperse at once. Tell them to go to their homes and offer prayers that the Great Sun may be spared to us. Then come to me here, for I have other work for you to do."

Left alone in the stifling room with Cabanacte, the chief priest went on:

"Direct the moon-man and old Noco to attend me here. If yonder white face has no evil wish, it may be that his magic may save our King from death."

Cabanacte smiled grimly.

"I know not, Coheyogo," he remarked, as he turned toward the exit of the temple, "that the envoy from the moon will heed your curt command. But this I do believe, that, if besought, he'd use his greatest power to save our Sun alive. I will return to you at once."

With these words the dusky giant strode past the hideous grinning idols of baked clay and the plaited coffins of the royal dead, and made his way to the great square, from which the white-robed priests were driving an awe-struck, moaning people to their homes.

Coheyogo, glancing furtively around the deserted hall, in which the spectres of the dead seemed ready to chase the flickering shadows cast by the miraculous fire, bent down and threw a huge log into the mocking flame, as if to quiet for a moment its spiteful, chiding voice. Suddenly behind him he heard the stealthy footfall of a white-robed underling. Turning quickly from the fire, Coheyogo's piercing eyes rested upon a priest whom he had recently despatched to the Great Sun's cabin.

"What news?" cried the chief priest, eagerly. "He still lives?"

"Magani! Listen, master! He lives, and, tossing on his bed, mutters strange words beneath his breath. 'Tis a devil that is in him, for he talks of things we cannot see."

"And his physician?" asked Coheyogo, impatiently.

"He has done his best, but his eyes are wild, and he shakes his head in impotence."

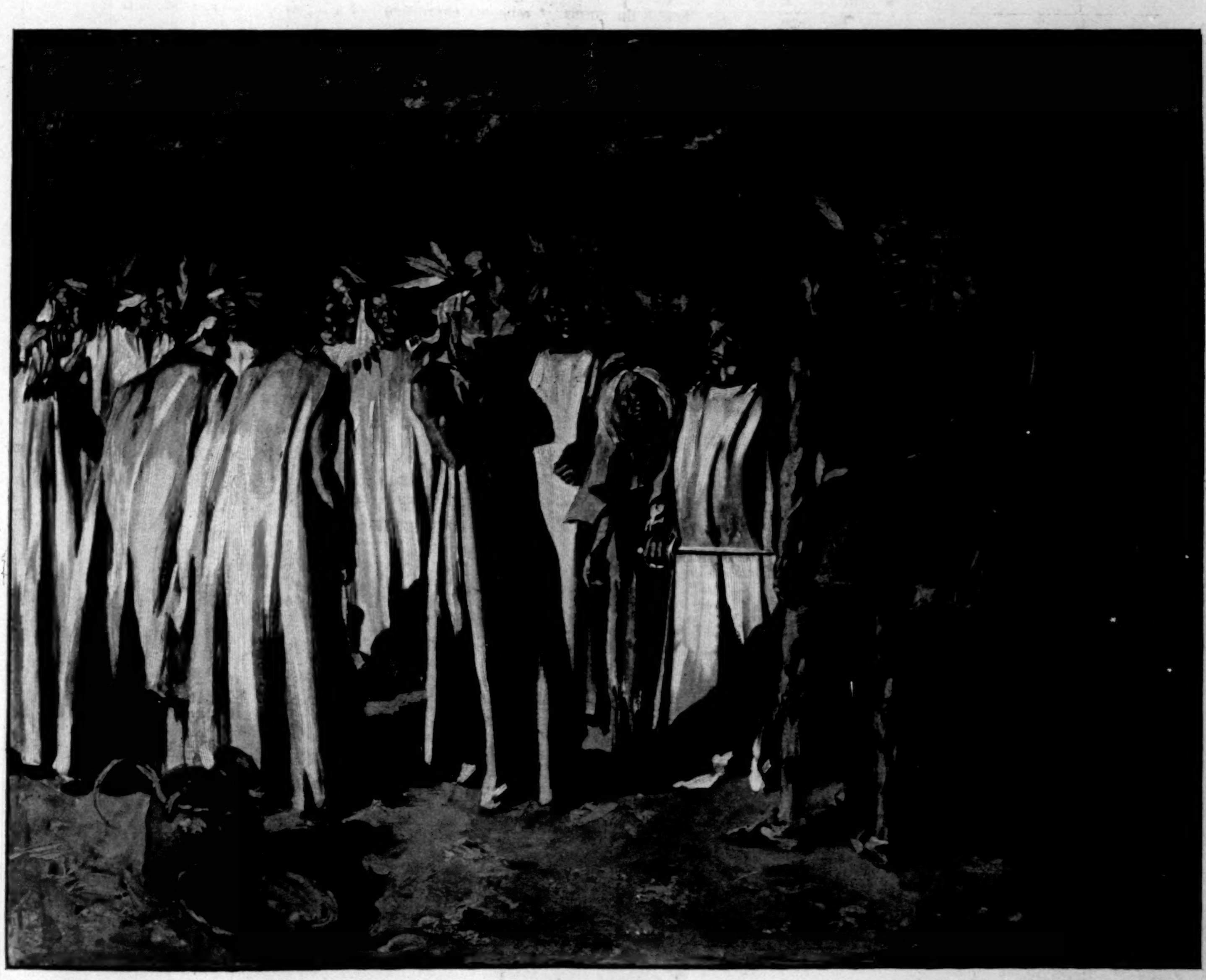
"He'll shake it in the noose should the Great Sun die," muttered the chief priest, with cruel emphasis. "What boots his boasted skill if he fails us when we need him most? But hark! Our brothers have returned."

Filing into the temple like a procession of white ghosts with charred faces, the priests of the sun grouped themselves in a circle behind their chief, and stood awaiting in silence the outcome of a crisis which might, at its worst, satisfy their ever-present craving for human sacrifices to offer to their god, the innocent and genial orb of day. That the cruel and crafty Coheyogo dreaded the news of the Great Sun's death more keenly than they, in their love for an inhuman custom, desired it, they had no means of knowing. But they were to learn presently that there was a new force at work in their city, with which they had never before been called upon to deal. As they stood there, silent, eager-eyed, remorseless, longing for a continuance of the thrilling sport for which the death of Chatémuc had but whetted their appetites, the sound of light, dainty footsteps approaching the entrance to the temple reached their quick ears. Turning toward the doorway at the farther end of the hall, Coheyogo and his motionless and noiseless brood gazed upon an approaching figure, which, in spite of its lack of size, was most impressive at that fateful moment. De Sancerre had donned a flowing garment of white mulberry bark, which hid his gay velvets from view and fell in graceful lines from his neck to his feet. His head was bare, and his hair, a picturesque mixture of black and gray, emphasized the pleasing contour of his pale, clean-cut face.

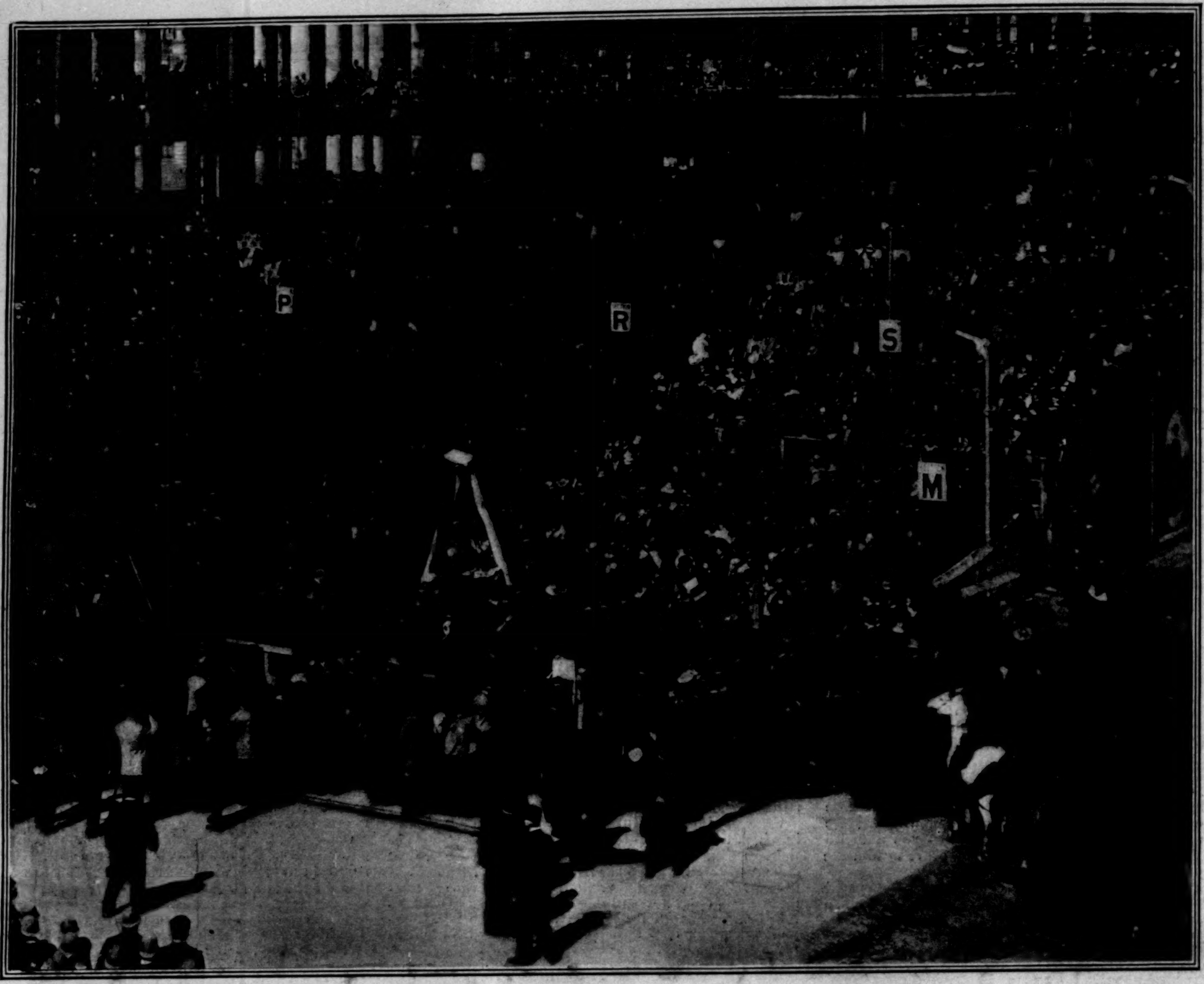
With drawn rapier, the symbol of his dreaded moon-magic, the French aristocrat, his eyes fixed upon the chief priest, strode solemnly toward the sacred fire, followed at a distance by Noco and her long-limbed grandson. As he came to a halt in front of Coheyogo, de Sancerre raised the hilt of his sword to his chin and made a graceful, sweeping salute with the weapon. Turning to Noco, who had now reached his side, he said to her:

"Say to the chief priest that I come to him in amity or in defiance, as he may choose. Tell him that the Brother of the Moon makes no idle boasts, but that 'tis safer for the City of the Sun to win his friendship than to arouse his wrath."

Coheyogo, with a face which none could read, listened attentively to the old crone's defiant words. His black eyes held the Frenchman's gaze to his. There was something in the latter's glance which exercised upon the sun-worshipper a potent fascination, an influence more effective than the impression made upon him by Noco's speech. The lower type of man succumbed, in spite of his physical superiority, to the will-power of a higher and more

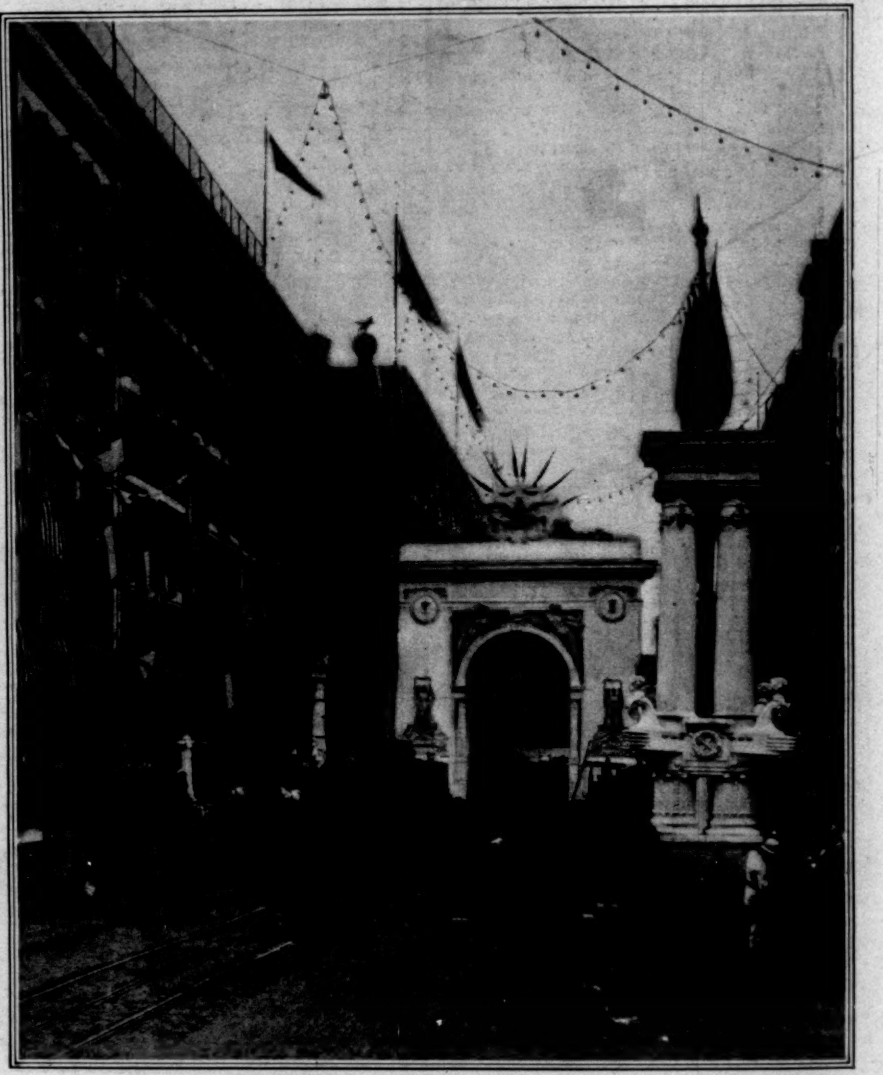


"....COOL, MOTIONLESS, WITH UNFLINCHING EYES, THE FRENCHMAN STOOD WATCHING THE CHIEF PRIEST...."



THE PRESIDENT LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW FEDERAL BUILDING.

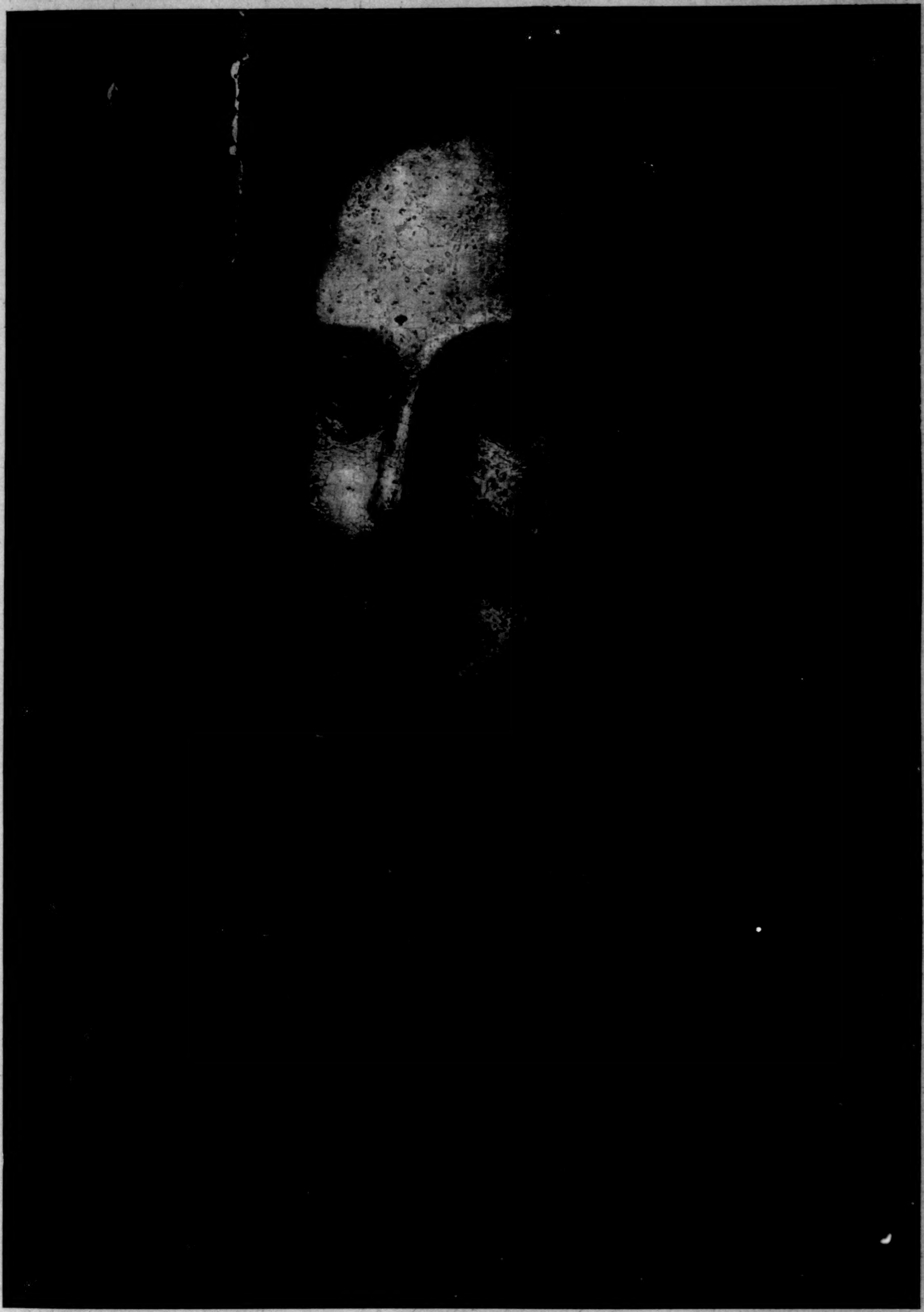
PRESIDENT McKINLEY REVIEWING THE PROCESSION.



STATE STREET, SOUTH FROM JACKSON STREET, SHOWING DECORATIONS.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AT THE FALL FESTIVAL AT CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 1061.]



THE DROESHOUT ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE.

From a Copyrighted Photograph by Baker.—[See Page 1075.]

complicated intellect than his own. Even had Coheyogo considered it expedient at that moment to wreak summary vengeance upon his white-faced, smiling challenger, it is to be doubted that his tongue could have uttered the words which would have sent de Sancerre to his doom. Cool, motionless, with unflinching eyes, and a mouth which wore the outlines of a derisive smile, the undersized Frenchman stood watching the chief priest, outwardly as self-confident as if he had possessed in reality the destructive power of which he boasted. Presently Coheyogo turned to Noco, whose wrinkled countenance was twitching with excitement in the fitful glow of the sacred fire.

"The Chief Priest of the Sun has no quarrel with the Brother of the Moon," said the old hag, addressing de Sancerre a moment later. "But he says to him that the Great Sun, in health and strength at sunrise, now lies tossing in peril of his life. Is it true, he asks, that you have threatened to bring down the same strange sickness upon the temple priests?"

"Not if they do the bidding of Coyocop, the spirit of the sun," answered de Sancerre, curtly, closely scanning Coheyogo's face as Noco repeated his words. Then he turned to the interpreter and went on:

"Let the chief priest understand that the spirit of the sun and the spirit of the moon go hand in hand, to the greater glory of the God of gods. Say to him that together Coyocop and I can make a nation great or destroy it at a word. Disobedience to us is impiety to God. If he, Coheyogo, would know this truth, he must be docile, patient, and abide my time. If in his mind the shadow of a doubt remains that what I say is true, let him recall the legends of his race, the promises and prophecies which your fathers told their sons."

There reigned an ominous silence in the stifling, ill-smelling room for a time, broken only by the malicious crackling of the sacred fire or the impatient grunt of some overwrought priest. Coheyogo, fearing to lose his power by accepting the proffered alliance, but too superstitious to defy the unseen rulers of the universe by rejecting it, stood, grim and self-absorbed, scanning a distressing problem from many points of view. He dared not offend Coyocop, but he resented de Sancerre's claim to a share in the supernatural authority which the sun-worshippers had attributed to her. After long reflection, the chief priest looked down at the grinning Noco and said:

"Say to the Brother of the Moon that if he has sufficient power to bring down destruction upon this City of the Sun, or even to cast an evil spell upon our King, he is wise enough to cure the latter of the sickness which has laid him low. If he will lead the Great Sun back to us from the very gates of death, he will find within this temple none but servants glad to pay him homage and obey his words. But if he fails to raise our King, 'twill prove to us he either boasts too much or bears us no good-will."

De Sancerre's lips turned a shade lighter, but the mocking smile did not desert them, as Noco translated Coheyogo's ultimatum into her clumsy Spanish. But even in that moment of supreme dismay, when his life, so he reflected, had been staked against loaded dice, the Frenchman could not refrain from casting a glance of admiration at the crafty priest who had played his game so well. If de Sancerre should undertake the restoration of the Great Sun's health and should fail to save his life, even Coyocop would be powerless to protect him from the fate which had befallen Chatémuc. He had planned to visit the sick-bed of the King, and to send for Julia de Aquilar to meet him there should he find that the Great Sun lay afflicted by no contagious disease. But de Sancerre had not foreseen that his boastfulness—which had served him well at times—would place him in his present plight, making his very life dependent upon his skill as a physician. He dared not hesitate, however, to accept the gauntlet thrown down by the keen-witted schemer, whose black eyes were now fixed upon him with a sardonic, defiant gleam.

"It will give me great joy to restore my friend, the ruler of this land, to health," said de Sancerre, calmly, to Noco, his gaze still meeting Coheyogo's unwaveringly. "Will you request the chief priest to accompany me to the royal bedside?"

With these words the Frenchman turned his back upon the sacred fire and its jealous guardian and strode haughtily toward the temple's exit.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he muttered to himself. "I know more about the slaying of my fellow-men than how to save them from the jaws of death! I would I could recall the odds and ends of medicine I've gathered in my time! But even then I fear my skill would not suffice. The Great Sun, if I mistake not, has no more to gain from me than I from him. St. Maturin, be kind to us!"

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH A WHITE ROBE FAILS TO PROTECT A BLACK HEART.

SEATED upon a low couch of plaited reeds, Julia de Aquilar, her white slender hands folded upon her lap, and her dark eloquent eyes turned upward as if they rested upon the Virgin Mother's face, listened for the footsteps of a worldling and a sceptic, whose irreverent tongue had often in her hearing made sport of love itself. Her year in captivity as a celestial guide and counsellor to a half-savage race had softened, while preserving, the splendid coloring of her flawless complexion. Paler than of old, her face had lost none of its marvellous symmetry, and the warm hue of her curving lips bore witness to the triumph which youth, in its abounding elasticity, had won over the allied forces of loneliness and despair. The shadows beneath her expectant eyes had but added to their glowing splendor. Long days and nights of reverie and introspection had changed the dominant expression of her face, somewhat too haughty aforetime, and a gentle radiance seemed to emanate from a countenance which had gained an added fascination from the spiritualizing touches of a sorrow too deep for tears.

It was the assurance, which had come to her in many ways, that she possessed the reverential affection of thousands of men and women upon whom she had never gazed, that had lightened Doña Julia's captivity, and had vouchsafed to her lonely soul a source of inspiration without which her faith in Heaven might have lost its strength. Horrified to find herself worshipped as a goddess, but fearful of the fate which might befall her should she make denial of her divinity, she had passed long months in silent misery, theoretically omnipotent, but practically a helpless captive; used, for their own selfish purposes, by a few schemers, and adored at a distance by priest-ridden thousands, who cherished in their heart of hearts the hope that Coyocop would mitigate the cruel cult which stained their temple red.

The Great Sun came in state to visit her at times; and, more often, Manatte, his nephew and heir-apparent, presuming upon his royal prerogative, would enter her cabin to feast his black eyes upon the beauty of a countenance which he was bound to look upon as sacred from the touch of human lips. The tall, dusky youth, whose handsome, wilful face Doña Julia had grown to loathe, had never dared to rebel against the restraints which Coyocop's divine origin forced upon him, but his restless eyes told the girl what was in his protesting heart, and she would watch his reluctant steps, as he stole from her hut, with mingled relief and dread. Well she knew that fear of the Brother of the Sun and of the chief priest alone prevented Manatte from defying the Great Spirit and making her his own.

The afternoon was growing old; and Doña Julia, with a bunch of white flowers upon her bosom, relieving the black monotony of her sombre garb, still awaited in loneliness the coming of Louis de Sancerre, whose presence in that remote corner of the globe only the saints in heaven could explain. That Coheyogo and Noco, who came to her daily to play a solemn farce in which she had long ago lost all interest, had not made their accustomed advent to her cabin filled her with increasing alarm. The uproar in the city at noonday, the mournful outcries of an agitated people, had aroused in Doña Julia's soul a dread foreboding which the subsequent silence which had fallen upon the hysterical town had done nothing to relieve.

Presently the overwrought girl, from whose lips the cup of hope seemed to have been snatched just as she was about to drink deep of its grateful draught, fell upon her knees beside her bed and breathed a fervent prayer to the Mother of Christ for strength in this hour of doubt and discouragement. Soothed by her devotions, she arose, and standing erect, listened for the sound of a footstep which should precede an answer to her supplication; but an ominous silence reigned outside her hut. Readjusting the flowers upon her breast, and smoothing her rebellious raven hair with a trembling hand, Doña Julia, cold with a sense of loneliness which had fallen upon her heart, moved hesitatingly toward the hole which served as a clumsy entrance to the room. Bending down, her hungry eyes eagerly scanned the deserted square, upon which the sun was shining as if in search of its secreted worshippers. To the overpowering sweetness of the spring blossoms, lying in heaps outside the doorway, she gave no heed, as she sought in vain for signs of life in a city upon which the blight of a great fear had recently descended. Suddenly, as Doña Julia gazed in consternation at this lonely centre of a populous town, a tall form issued from the cabin of the Great Sun. Drawing himself up to his full height, the man, glancing in all directions, as if to assure himself that he was unobserved, made straight toward the hole in the sun-baked wall through which the girl was peering. The white feathers in his hair bore witness to his royal rank, and as he came into the full glare of the sunlight just beyond her cabin Doña Julia saw that her approaching visitor was Manatte. To rush forth into the square and arouse the city by her cries was her first impulse, but before she could give way to it the youth had cut off her escape.

"Coyocop!" he exclaimed, as he stood erect, after he had crawled through the entrance, driving her back in affright toward the centre of the flower-bedecked room. "Coyocop!"

There were in his voice passion, triumph, desperation; an appeal to the woman and a defiance to the gods. The Great Sun lay dying. Even the chief priest would hesitate to offend him—Manatte, who would soon be King!

"Coyocop!" he repeated, more gently, holding forth to her a hand, like a beggar asking alms, while his eyes rested upon the white flowers which rose and fell upon her throbbing bosom.

But, though her body trembled, there was no flinching in Doña Julia's glance. Hopeless as she was, for she realized that sacrilege such as this could spring only from an opportunity in which Manatte could find no peril, her eyes gazed into his with a proud scorn which left no need for words. With head thrown back, she strove to conquer the brute nature of the youth by the mere force of her strong will and the purity of her virgin soul. But she knew full well that the silent prayers which she offered up to God would reach His throne too late.

For a moment they stood thus confronting one another —Purity attired in black, and License enrobed in spotless white. Never afterward could Julia de Aquilar recall the sweet, haunting odor of magnolia blossoms without a sinking of the heart which made her breath protest. No sound broke the intense stillness, save the twittering of birds which wooed the flowers outside the hut, and the stifled words which Manatte strove to speak. Suddenly he sprang toward her and seized her wrists, while his bronze face burned her cold, white cheeks.

"Coyocop," he muttered, in a tongue which she could not understand, "you shall be mine, though every star the midnight sky reveals should send a god to save you from my love!"

A maiden's despairing cry startled the silent town.

"Mother of God, have mercy! Help! O Christ, save me!"

A light, nervous footfall echoed from the square, and the entrance to the hut was darkened for an instant. Rapier in hand, de Sancerre sprang into the centre of the room. As Manatte, with an oath upon his swollen lips, turned upon the intruder, the Frenchman drove his sword straight through a snow-white robe into a black heart. Without a groan, the evil scion of a royal race fell dead upon the ground.

"Thank God, I came in time!" exclaimed de Sancerre, as he withdrew his rapier from Manatte's breast and turned toward Doña Julia, who, faint and breathless, leaned against the wall facing him. "Doña Julia de Aquilar," he cried, tossing his dripping sword to the ground and crossing the room at a stride, "I kiss your hand." Falling upon one knee, the courtier pressed his lips to the cold, trembling fingers in his grasp.

"Mother of Mary, I thank thee for thy care," murmured Doña Julia, raising her eyes to heaven from the smiling, upturned face of de Sancerre.

It was upon a tableau which might have suggested, to other eyes, a worldling praying to a saint for pardon for the murder of a giant that Coheyogo, followed by Noco and Cabanacte, gazed as he entered the hut and attempted to read the story of the grim picture by which he was confronted. De Sancerre, who had doffed his white robes in the Great Sun's cabin, still knelt at the feet of the pale and agitated girl. Near the centre of the room lay the bleeding, motionless body of the sacrilegious sun-worshipper. Thrown from a shelf by the recent tumult in the room, a great bunch of magnolia blossoms lay scattered close to Manatte's head, a floral halo of which death itself still left him most unworthy.

Springing to his feet and pointing toward the youth he had slain, de Sancerre said, calmly, to Noco:

"Tell the chief priest this, that yonder scoundrel insulted the spirit of the sun. For this he died. It was this sword," he went on, picking up his rapier and wiping the blood from the blade with a handful of flowers, "which saved Coyocop from his polluting kiss. I know not who he is, but were he ten thousand times a son of suns he well deserved his death."

Coheyogo stood gazing down at the set face of Manatte as Noco repeated to him the Frenchman's words.

"Stand at the entrance outside the hut," said the chief priest, curtly, to Cabanacte, "and bid no one enter, upon pain of death. Of what has happened here, breathe not a word. Go!"

Crawling through the entrance, Cabanacte drew himself erect in the sunlight, a sentry against whose behests none of the chattering sun-worshippers, who had poured into the square to learn the meaning of the cry which had echoed from Coyocop's abode, dared protest.

"Say to the Brother of the Moon that what he did was well done," went on Coheyogo to Noco. "If the draught which he made for the Great Sun gives life as surely as his silver wand brings death, then shall the shadow pass from our weeping race. Go, then, Noco, to the temple quickly, and bid four priests to hasten to me here. Answer no questions, but, as you go, inform the people that Coyocop has destroyed with flowers, brought to her cabin by the faithful, the evil spirit which strove to kill our King and bring destruction upon the City of the Sun. Say to them further, if they should whisper the name of yonder chief, that Manatte has gone to the foot-hills to offer prayers for the Great Sun's life. Go at once, for the day grows old and we have much to do."

Turning toward de Sancerre, who had been whispering to Doña Julia words of hope and cheer, Coheyogo pointed to the feet of the dead sun-prince, and then strode to the head of the corpse. The Frenchman and the chief priest raised the heavy body and placed it upon Doña Julia's reed-plaited bed. With armfuls of magnolia blossoms Coheyogo covered Manatte's face and shoulders, while de Sancerre, comprehending vaguely the scheme which the chief priest had in mind, strewed flowers upon the trunk of his sword's gigantic prey.

"May God defend us!" he muttered. "I fear the keenness of this crafty priest! He has an agile mind. He turns a nightmare to a dream of spring with most exquisite skill. And, for some reason which I cannot find, he takes great pleasure in this gay youth's death. I trust that Doña Julia has learned to read his mind. I dread him, either as an ally or a foe!"

Before de Sancerre could find an opportunity for holding further converse with the Spanish maiden, whose presence in the City of the Sun had wellnigh restored his boyhood's faith in miracles, Noco, followed by four silent elders from the temple of the sacred fire, had entered the hut. A few moments later the voiceless, expectant throng in the great square gazed with awe and wonder upon a picturesque procession, which moved with slow and solemn tread from Coyocop's abode to the outskirts of the town, beyond which point a word from the temple priests prevented the dusky crowd from following it.

At the head of the cortége walked the chief priest, accompanied by de Sancerre, whose drawn rapier gleamed like a sword of fire as the red rays of the setting sun made a plaything of the blade. Behind them came four white-robed bearers carrying a plaited bier, upon which lay the body of a tall man concealed from view by a trembling shroud of fragrant flowers. Following this strange funeral, upon which the sun-worshippers gazed with awe-stricken eyes, as if they looked upon a marvel wrought by spirits, hobbled the aged Noco, mumbling to herself as she grinned at a people for whose blind superstition she had no respect. Cabanacte had remained as sentry at Coyocop's abode, to chafe under the useless task consigned to him; for to him it seemed more fitting that he should guard Katonah than stand as sentinel before a cabin upon which high heaven smiled.

When the cortége had reached the twilight shadows outside the city, the chief priest gave a few simple directions to the bearers of the corpse, and, accompanied by de Sancerre and Noco, turned back toward the temple of the sun.

"Come with me, señora!" cried the Frenchman, when they had reached the square, pointing toward the Great Sun's cabin. "Say to the chief priest, Doña Noco, that you and I must watch by the good King's side to-night."

"It is well," answered Coheyogo, as he listened to the old crone's words. "May the Great Spirit grant you the skill to save his life! 'Tis best for you that he should live."

With this significant hint, the chief priest strode through the dusk toward the temple of sacred fire.

Before de Sancerre and Noco had reached the cabin in which the Brother of the Sun lay tossing upon a feverish couch, the Frenchman, whose mind was filled with the vision of a pale, dark-eyed woman, garbed in black, with spring flowers upon her breast, recalled, for an instant, another face, which seemed to accuse him in the twilight there of strange forgetfulness.

"Wait, señora," exclaimed de Sancerre, seizing Noco by the arm at the very entrance to the royal hut. "Katonah! It is not well to leave her alone. Go to your home and bring her here at once. This town's a seething cesspool of dark brown white-robed treachery! *Peste!* If harm should come to her, I dare not look into the saintly Membré's good gray eyes again. Come back at once. The Great Sun needs your care."

With these words de Sancerre bent down to enter the royal cabin, while Noco hurried away to rescue Katonah from a lonely night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COL. ALEX. C. M. PENNINGTON, U. S. A.,
2d Artillery.

COL. FRANCIS L. GUENTHER, U. S. A.,
4th Artillery.

COL. EDWARD B. WILLISTON, U. S. A.,
6th Artillery.

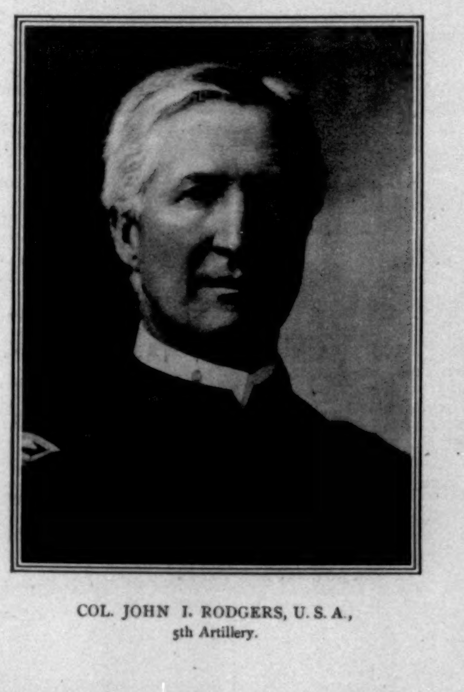
COL. JACOB B. RAWLES, U. S. A.,
3d Artillery.

OUR CRIPPLED ARTILLERY. *By Henry Loomis Nelson*

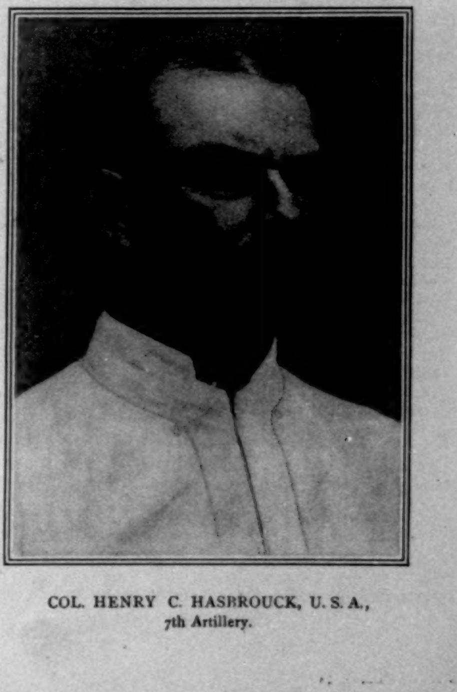
THE defence of the coast of the country rests with the artillery. The artillery of the United States army is insufficient in number, practically disorganized, not properly equipped, and ignorant of its duties. Among its officers are some of the best men in the army. As a body, they are the most intelligent of the line, which means that they are the most intelligent soldiers in the service of the government. All but a very few of them are the graduates of the Military Academy who, as cadets, ranked just after those who entered the corps of engineers. Many of them have maintained their interest in military studies in the face of great discouragement. For many years, for example, before the government could be persuaded to build great guns, or before the ordnance corps could determine on the kind of gun it desired, the artillery officers studied their art in foreign periodicals and reprints of them, and gained their practical knowledge of modern arms from photographs and wood-cuts. Even after the arms had been manufactured, they could not be mounted, because the ordnance corps had not invented carriages, and thus all the artillery could do towards acquiring a knowledge of its trade was to sit on the new guns as they lay on the turf or in the sand, and teach its men how to fire old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, which—so it was hoped, at least—they would not have to use in war. When the war with Spain broke out, not only were carriages lacking for the big guns, but carriages made for field-pieces would not fit the guns, and ordnance officers were astonished because the artillery complained, when, by the exercise of a little mechanical ingenuity, the defect could be crudely, but in such a war sufficiently, remedied. Weeks after the war broke out, so little ammunition had been made or purchased by the ordnance corps that the best equipped fort in the lower harbor of New York could have fired only five shots at Cervera's fleet if that admiral had escaped Sampson and entered New York Harbor. Even now it is doubtful if the ordnance corps could furnish smokeless powder, which will be an absolute necessity if we are ever compelled to defend the coast.

And yet the Ordnance Bureau, with its inertness, its unwillingness to meet the artillery even half-way, its military incapacity, has more actual power over the artillery arm of the service than has any artillery officer. In the army, the men who are to fight the guns have nothing to say as to their character. The engineers locate and build the fort; the ordnance corps supplies it with armament, projectiles, and explosives, and provides, or rather neglects to provide, the instruments needed for the mounting, operating, and maintenance of the pieces and for securing accuracy of fire. In respect of position-finders and their installation, the Secretary of War has divided the responsibility between these two bureaus and the Signal Bureau. One must also add that under the laws and appropriations of Congress an artillery officer has for many years reached his captaincy at an age when he ought to be a general officer—too old to begin to assume responsibility; discouraged by his inability to do anything but make requests of the Ordnance Bureau, which are generally refused; or see that the walks about his post are properly cleaned; or grumble over his slow promotion. It is to be recollected, too, that even the most ambitious youngster must find it difficult to maintain his enthusiasm when he cannot fire his pieces and train his men to be gunners, either because they are poor men, or because the post command is so small that the men are exhausted by the daily labor of policing and guarding it, and have no time for military exercises; or because the engineers will not turn the fort over to the artillery, while the ordnance will not deliver the breech-blocks because there is no one to receipt for them; or, what have always been universal and prevailing troubles, because the Ordnance bureau has not furnished position-finders, without which target practice, especially in mortar batteries, is useless; or the niggardly appropriation of Congress for target practice, which has heretofore permitted a dozen or so shots a year to each battery, has been exhausted. Is it any wonder, then, that the artillery force is demoralized and inefficient, besides not being large enough by one-half to furnish one relief for each emplacement already provided or in contemplation in the coast-defence system of the United States?

COL. ROYAL T. FRANK, U. S A.,
1st Artillery.



COL. JOHN I. RODGERS, U. S. A.,
5th Artillery.



COL. HENRY C. HASBROUCK, U. S. A.,
7th Artillery.

Among the subjects which ought to receive the attention of Congress at its coming session is this. It may appear to be a small subject when compared with the vaster questions which will be presented for consideration, but a failure to provide for the reorganization and for the proper equipment of the heavy artillery of the army will prove the incurable inability of Congress to legislate intelligently on military subjects. What effect this will have upon the future policy of the country remains to be seen.

THE ARTILLERY ORGANIZATION

There are now seven regiments of artillery, each regiment being composed of fourteen batteries. Of these, two batteries are light artillery, some of which are for the first time, and on the battle-field, receiving preliminary instructions in the management of their modern pieces. But it is of the heavy, or coast-defence, artillery of which I wish to speak. This branch of the service should be entirely disconnected from the light-artillery branch. The two so utterly differ from each other that the present organization is as absurd as would be the organization of the rest of the army into infantry regiments of fourteen companies each, two companies in each regiment being cavalry troops.

The heavy artillery garrisons the forts along our seaboard. These forts extend from Maine along the Atlantic to Texas on the Gulf, and to Puget Sound on the Pacific. Hundreds of modern guns and mortars have been already mounted on these fortifications, and hundreds more are in process of construction. Millions of money has been spent, and the expenditure of millions more is essential for the completion of the work. These works and guns should be in charge of a force sufficient in number, composed of intelligent and instructed men. As a matter of fact, owing to the defective organization of the artillery of the army, the coast defences of the country are in charge of an archaic body, insufficient in number, of which very little that is good can be said, except, as I have already remarked, that among its officers are some of the most intelligent and industrious men in the army.

Captain Crozier, of the ordnance corps, has recently made a report on the artillery which affords an interesting illustration of the incapacity of the staff mind to deal fairly or intelligently with the line of the army. Captain Crozier's statements of the condition of the artillery, however, are mainly true, although his attempt to fix the responsibility is not only illogical, but often ignores well-established conditions, determined by orders and regulations, while it sometimes indicates a desire to shift responsibility from his own corps to the officers of artillery.

In the first place, the organization of the artillery into regiments is obsolete. In the second place, the artillery will never be thoroughly efficient until it is organized into a corps, and until its affairs are taken from the control of the adjutant-general, the ordnance, engineer, and signal corps, and turned over to a chief of artillery, who ought to be selected from among the most intelligent and best-instructed of the senior field-officers of the arm. The results of there being no chief of artillery, no officer who can set a standard of excellence, are confusion, different systems of drill, different methods of administration, and contradictory instructions to officers and men at different posts and at different times. In the third place, the artillery has about one-third the number of men in the country necessary to garrison the posts, some of which are entirely without care. In the fourth place, the artillery cannot enlist the proper kind of men, for reasons over which Congress alone has control. In the fifth place, the artillery, for various reasons, has not been able to learn to handle modern ordnance properly, and one of the reasons which has prevented the artillery from understanding and handling its guns effectively and becoming expert gunners can only be remedied by Congress.

The defective organization of the artillery is chargeable to Congress. Our legislators leave no discretion to the soldiers in military matters. They dictate how the military art shall be practised. A regiment of artillery is not a unit at all. Occasionally, in Indian wars, the companies of such a regiment, excluding its light artillery, may have come together to act as a regiment of infantry; but they never come together to act as a regiment of artillery. They are scattered in batteries over a long distance of coast, here two batteries and there one battery. The battery itself, with a fixed number of men, is an absurdity. The need of a fort is for a certain number of men, so many men to handle each piece in emplacement. Assuming that a fort requires 100 men, under the existing system a battery of 200 enlisted men would have been sent to it during the war, and now a battery of 113 would have to be sent. There is no splitting of batteries. If 150 men were needed, 226, or two batteries, would be sent, providing always that there were a sufficient number of men to garrison every post. The remedy is clear. The artillery should be a corps, and groups with the proper number of officers—really gun crews, to borrow a term from the navy—should be distributed among the posts. And at the head of the corps should be a trained artillerist. There is no modern army in Europe without its chief of artillery, who, in many cases, is a lieutenant-general.

THE NEED OF MORE MEN

The artillery has about half the number of men necessary to garrison existing works and to care properly for the guns now in place and those in process of building, and it is unprovided with means for instructing the men it has. It is astonishing, the manner in which the personnel of the artillery has been starved and neglected. While Congress has been appropriating millions for new works and new guns, no attention whatever has been paid to the demand for men and instruction. As a matter of fact, the coast of the country is at the mercy of any enemy who may attack us. Captain Crozier shows us this in his report, but as he lays the blame at the wrong door and fails to point out a proper remedy, the report is without practical value. He says that he found, on his tour of inspection, that "neither officers nor men understood what parts of the guns or carriages should be cleaned and well oiled, nor what was the proper condition for bearing surfaces," etc.—the report is too technical to interest the general reader. The officers of the artillery have not yet had time to fathom the untold secrets of the Ordnance Bureau, while with few exceptions they have neither the kind of men who can be instructed nor the opportunity to teach those who are intelligent. Captain Crozier says that the artillery neither know their pieces, nor can they fire them with accuracy. This, as I have pointed out, is partly due to the three-headed bureau which should supply and place position-finders—a duty it has thus far neglected, for there is not a perfectly equipped fire command in the country—and is partly due to the failure of Congress to appropriate a sufficient sum of money for target practice. It is a fact that there was so little ammunition for guns and mortars at the beginning of the war that the artillery could not engage in target practice. Theoretically at least, the coast was at the mercy of the enemy. What navy we had on the Atlantic seaboard was engaged in hunting for Cervera. The facilities and money for target practice had been so insufficient that not more than fifteen out of every one hundred of the old enlisted men had qualified as gunners—which really meant that not more than fifteen per cent. of the old artillery could make fair hits with smooth-bore muzzle-loaders. The mortar batteries, of which there were many, were practically useless, because position-finders had not been provided by the Ordnance Bureau. Mortars are in pits, and the men do not see the object at which they are firing. Therefore position-finders are absolutely necessary; and, in truth, they are nearly as essential for the proper firing of the high-power guns, for it is estimated that the efficiency of a gun is multiplied by three by the employment of a position-finder.

The actual loss of public money by reason of miss-fires may be judged from the fact that the cost of a shot from a modern gun ranges from $150 to $575, while the demoralization of misses is incalculable. We were, then, at the outbreak of the war, with an old force of artillery, about fifteen per cent. of which could fire antiquated smooth-bores with reasonable accuracy. It knew nothing of its modern armament. It was without proper ammunition. It possessed few instruments essential to accuracy. Not only could the artillery officers not instruct the old men in the use of new weapons, but two batteries in each regiment, and two full new regiments, of raw recruits, were added to the artillery, and these new men could not be instructed at all. Was there ever such deplorable incompetence as that displayed by the Ordnance Bureau, and such ignorance and criminal indifference as that shown by Congress?

Conditions are not much better now. It is impossible, under the conditions of the existing organization, to make the present artillery force effective. It is still without a proper head. There is no competent inspection, and there can be none until the law is changed and there is a chief of artillery who shall have expert inspectors of his own, as the chiefs of engineers and ordnance have their inspectors. There are now department inspectors of artillery, but, strange and yet characteristic folly, they are practically forbidden by law to inspect.

THE PERSONNEL

Modern artillery for coast defence is technical and scientific. It can be commanded and inspected only by experts, and its enlisted men ought to be intelligent and capable of receiving technical instruction. But Congress and the War Department actually discourage the enlistment of intelligent men. The men of the engineer and ordnance corps receive higher pay than do the men of the line of the army. Artillery soldiers, whose duties are as exacting and of as high a kind as those of the staff corps, receive the same pay as infantrymen and cavalrymen. But they have much more work thrust upon them. In the first place, they have the care of the great guns and their carriages—very valuable property, the cost of a piece and its mount ranging from $30,000 to $140,000. Then they have their gunners' drill, which, for lack of means and co-operation, is largely theoretical. Then they are drilled as infantry, and are obliged to care for their infantry arms. It is not to be wondered at, then, that an old artilleryman prefers the comparatively easy life of the infantry and cavalry, and, as he is not paid more for the harder work of the artillery, he goes into one of the other arms of the line, when he re-enlists at all.

Again, as I have said, the number of men is not sufficient to furnish merely one relief to each piece along the coasts. If the men were of the necessary intelligence; if there were a single standard of excellence prescribed by a competent chief; if there were skilled inspection, such as the Inspector-General's department is incapable of; if the artillery were provided with all the material and money that it needed—the fact would remain that the force is not sufficient. There are now in the United States, according to a recently published statement, 6283 artillery soldiers. There are about 4500 out of the country. There are needed for the proper garrisoning of the coast defences at least 25,000 men. So that if the men who are abroad were back, the government has only about half the number of men, and not more than one-third or one-fourth the proper number of officers, for the fortifications and guns provided and prescribed for the defence of our coasts. And this contemplates one relief, whereas other nations provide for from two to four reliefs. In other words, if the heavy-artillery force were doubled we should have only a sufficient number of men to handle the guns in place or in construction, and not a man to spare.

Surely if Congress will not double the artillery, reorganize it, and remedy the evils we have pointed out, it might as well disband it, tear down the forts, sell out the shops at Watervliet and Watertown, and present the new guns and mortars to countries that take their military establishments seriously enough to make them efficient. There is no part of the army that may be more essential to the country than the heavy artillery, but that arm of the service is at this moment an absolutely useless expense, an insufficient mob without a head, without knowledge of the few arms it has, and without the tools to make perfect knowledge available.

An Autumn Leaf

IT flutters through the twilight,
A flying flake of gold;
It glows, a living ember,
Against the ashen cold.

Then whirls along the mosses,
And kindles in its flight
The flames that make the woodland
A charmed Arabian Night.

R. K. Munkittrick.

MR. DOOLEY*

V.—HIS ADVICE TO THE COURT

AN' I was thinkin', Hinnissy (Mr. Dooley said, in conclusion), as I set in that there coort, surrounded be me fellow-journalists, spies, perjurers, an' other statesmen, that I'd give four dollars if th' prisidint iv th' coort 'd call out, "Moosoo Dooley, take th' stand."

"Here," says I, an' I'd thread me way with dignity through th' Fr-rinch gin'rals an' ministers on th' flure an' give me hand to th' prisidint to kiss. If he wint anny further I'd break his head. No man 'll kiss me, Hinnissy, an' live. What's that ye say? He wuddent want to? Well, nivir mind.

"Here," says I. "Mong Colonel, what d'ye want with me?"

"What d'ye know about this case, Mong Bartinder?"

"Nawthin'," says I; "but I know as much as anny wan else. I know more thin most iv thim la-ads down below, f'r I can't undherstand a wurrud ye say, so I'm onable," I says, "f'r to make mistakes. I won't give anny tistimony, because 'twud be out iv place in this sacred timple devoted to th' practice iv orathry," I says, "but I can make as good a speech as anny wan, an' here goes."

Gin'ral Merceer: "May I ask this polluted witness wan question?"

Th' witness: "Set down, ye infamous ol' polthroon," says I. "Set down an' pondher ye'er sins," I says. "If ye had ye'er dues ye'd be coop'rin' a bar'l in th' pinitinchry. If ye're afraid iv th' Impror Willum, be hivins, ye want to be afraid iv th' Impror Dooley, f'r he's Dutch an' I ain't. I'll raysume me speech. Ladies an' Gintlemen, prisoner at th' bar, freeman that ought to be there, la'yers, gin'rals, ex-Prisidints, former mimbers iv th' cabinet, an' you, me gin'rous confreres iv th' wurruld's press, I come fr'm a land where injustice is unknown, where iv'ry man is akel befure th' law, but some are betther thin others behind it, where th' accused always has a fair thrile, ayether," I says, "in th' criminal coort or at th' coroner's inquest," I says. "I have just been in another counthry, where such conduct as we've witnessed here wud be unknown at a second thrile," I says, "because they have no second thriles," I says. "We Anglo-Saxons ar-re th' salt iv th' earth, an' don't ye f'rget it, boys. All our affairs ar-re in ordher. We convict no innocent men, an' very few guilty wans, perjury is unknown amongst us, we have no military scandals, an' our private life is beyond rebuke. So we hav' th' time an' th' inclination to study th' vile offences iv our neighbors, an' give thim advice free iv cost. An' that is why I'm here to-day in this degraded counthry, to tell ye what's th' matther with ye an' what ye ought to do.

"An' this is me opinyon: I don't think Cap. Dhryfuss wr-rote th' borderoo; I think he was th' on'y man in Fr-rance that didn't. But I 'ain't got as high an opinyon iv the Cap. as I had. I ain't no purity brigade, but th' older I get, th' more I think wan wife's enough f'r anny man, an' too manny f'r some.

"They was a time, Cap., whin 'twas seryously thought iv takin' ye fr'm th' Divole's Own Island an' makin' ye prisidint iv th' Women's Rescue League. But I'm afraid, Cap., ye're disqualified f'r that position be what we've heerd fr'm ye'er own lips durin' the thrile. Ye lost a good job. Thin there ar-re some other things about ye I don't undherstand. I can't make out what ye meant be pretindin' to go to It'ly an' doublin' back into Germany, an' I wish f'r me own peace iv mind all ye'er explanations 'd mate. But, sure, if ivry man that was too free with his affections was to be sint to th' Divole's Own Island, they'd have to build an ixtinsion to that far-famed winther resort. An' if suspicyous actions was proof iv guilt, Mong Colonel, ye'd have th' mimbers iv th' Gin'ral Staff sthrung up in as manny cages as ye see at th' Zooillogical Gardens. [Laughter, an' cries iv "Veev Dooley."]

"Th' throuble is, Mong Colonel, ladies and gintlemen, that it 'ain't been Cap. Dhryfuss that's been on thrile, but th' honor iv th' nation an' th' honor iv th' ar-rmy. If 'twas th' Cap. that was charged, ye'd say to him, 'Cap., we haven't anny proof again' ye, but we don't like ye, an' ye'll have to move on,' an' that 'd be th' end iv th' row. Th' Cap.'d go over to England an' go into th' South-African minin' business, an' become what Hogan calls a Casey's bellows. But because some la-ad on th' Gin'ral Staff got caught lyin' in th' start, an' had to lie some more to make th' first wan stick, an' th' other gin'rals had to jine him f'r fear he might compromise thim if he wint on tellin' his fairy stories, an' they was la-ads r-runnin' newspapers in Paris that needed to make a little money out iv the' popylation, ye said, 'Th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch people an' th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch army is on thrile,' an' ye've put thim in th' dock instead iv th' Cap. Th' honor iv Fr-rance is all right, me boy, an' will be so long as th' Fr-rinch newspapers is not read out iv Paree," I says. "An' if th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch ar-rmy can stand thim pants that ye hew out iv r-red flannel f'r thim, a little threachery won't injure it at all," I says. "Yes," says I, "th' honor iv Fr-rance an' th' honor iv th' ar-rmy 'll come out all r-right," I says, "but it wuddent do anny harm f'r to sind th' honor iv th' Fr-rinch gin'rals to th' laundhry," I says. "I think ye'd have to sind Gin'ral Merceer's to th' dyer's," I says. "Ye niver can take out th' spots, an' it might as well all be th' same color," I says. "Mong Colonel," I says, impressively, "so long as ivry man looks out f'r his own honor th' honor iv th' counthry 'll look out f'r itsilf," I says. "No wan iver heard iv a nation stealin' a lead pipe or committin' perjury," I says. "'Tis th' men that makes up th' nation that goes in f'r these divarsions," I says. "I'd hate to insure again' burglars the naytional honor that was guarded be that ol' gazabo," says I, indicatin' Merceer with th' toe iv me boot.

That's wan point. They's another, Mong Colonel. Ye're all afraid. That's th' thruth iv th' matther. Ye're like a lot iv ol' women that thinks ivry time th' shutter creaks burglars is goin' to break into th' house. Ye're afraid iv Rotscheeld, an' th' Impror iv Germany, an' th' Dook d'Orleans, Vick Bonaparte, and Joe Chamberlain, an' Bill McKinley. Be hivins, I believe ye're even afraid iv Gin'ral Otis! Ye're afraid iv th' newspapers, ye're afraid iv Jools Guerin, ye're afraid iv a pote, even whin he is not ar-rmed with his pothry, an' ye're afraid iv each other. Brace up; be men! If I was a Fr-rinchman I'd be afraid iv no man but the cab-dhrivers, an' I wuddent be afraid iv thim long, f'r I'd be a cab-dhriver mesilf.

"Wan thing more an' thin me tistimony's over. Ye want me advice. Ye didn't ask for it. If I was prisidint iv this coort martial, I'd say to Cap. Dhryfus: 'Cap., get out. Ye may not be a thraitor, but ye're worse. Ye've become a bore.' An' I'd give him money enough to lave th' counthry.

"Thin I'd sind th' Gin'ral Staff off to some quit't counthry village, where they'd be free fr'm rumors iv war, an' have nawthin' else to do but set ar-round in rockin'-chairs an' play with th' cat. Thin I'd cut th' cable to England; an' thin I'd gather all th' journalists iv Paris together, an' I'd say: 'Gintlemen,' I'd say, 'th' press is th' palajeem iv our liberties,' I'd say, 'but our liberties no longer requires a palajeem,' I'd say. 'This wan, whativer it means, is frayed at th' 'ris'bands, an' th' button-holes is broken annyhow,' I'd say. 'I've bought all iv ye tickets to Johannisberg,' I'd say, 'an' ye'll be shipped there to-night,' I'd say. 'Ye'er confreres iv that gr-reat city is worn out with their exertions, an' ye'll find plenty iv wurruk to do. In fact, those iv ye that 're anti-Seemites 'll niver lack imploymint,' I'd say. 'Hinceforth Fr-rance will be free—fr'm the likes iv ye,' I'd say. An' th' nex' mornin' Paris 'd awake ca'm an' peaceful, with no newspapers, an' they'd be more room in our own papers f'r th' baseball news," says I.

"But, mong liquor-dealer, what ye propose 'd depopylate Fr-rance," says th' prisidint.

"If that's th' case," says I, "Fr-rance ought to be depopylated," I says. "I've been thinkin' that's th' on'y way it can be made fit to live in f'r a man fr'm Chicago, where th' jambons come fr'm," I says, lavin' th' stand.

"Arrah! what ar-re ye talkin' about?" demanded Mr. Hennessy. "Ye niver got a peek in th' dure."

"What have you been doin'?" Mr. Dooley asked, disregarding the interruption.

"I wint out to see th' rowlin'-mills," said Mr. Hennessy. "They have a very good plant, an' a man be th' name iv Mechell Onnessy, or Mike Hennessy, a cousin iv mine that came over th' Fenian time with Stephens, is boss iv a gang. He speaks Fr-rinch like a boardin'-school. I talked with wan iv th' la-ads through him."

"Did ye ask him about th' Dhryfuss case?" asked Mr. Dooley, eagerly.

"I did."

"What did he say?"

"He said he niver heard iv it."

F. P. Dunne.

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AMATEUR SPORT

ANNOUNCEMENT is made that Michigan and Wisconsin will meet at football in Chicago on Thanksgiving day. This is the latest phase of the college-athletic muddle in the Middle West, and is evidently a move on the part of the Illinois-Michigan-Wisconsin alliance to offset Mr. Stagg's arrangements for a Chicago-Brown game on the same day.

One marvels anew at the stupidity which wrought this unnatural situation and at the obstinacy which threatens to perpetuate it. A day of bungling has made a snarl which two years will hardly unravel, and this in the West, where slender athletic alliances may be transformed utterly in a night. The effort to solve a simple situation has been so ponderously engineered that each step has increased rather than eased the perplexity.

In order to bring about the counter-attraction for the Chicago-Brown game, Illinois has given up the game she had scheduled for Thanksgiving with Wisconsin at Milwaukee, and Michigan has shown her appreciation of this generosity by promising to go to Champaign for a game. The boycott of Chicago, it seems, must outweigh individual interests. Further, the new arrangement naturally prevails over that announced whereby Michigan and Wisconsin were to play at Detroit and Milwaukee in ensuing years. The allied managers have given out the following statement of their position:

> In making arrangements for football games for next fall the different State institutions learned that the University of Chicago would insist on terms which they considered unfair. As a result, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin contend for the following principles: That visiting universities claim as a right the option of return games on home grounds or on such grounds as home teams may designate on alternate years, and that all games be arranged on a basis of an equal division of the net receipts—net receipts to mean gross receipts less cost of advertising, ground rent, if any, and other incidental expenses, including the expenses of the visiting team.

CHICAGO retorts that she had given no evidence of the "insistence" which the triple alliance impute to her, and that even had she insisted, she would have been justified. Chicago, the contention runs, has never denied the right or the justice of visiting teams to demand and to receive return games. Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin insist that "perfect equality" means for each team to take half the receipts wherever the game is played—they say that for Chicago to play Michigan at Detroit and receive $1500 and for Michigan to play at Chicago and receive $4000 is "perfect equality." Chicago contends that for Michigan to give her a guarantee of $2500 when she plays in Detroit and for Chicago to give Michigan the same sum when they play in Chicago is "perfect equality." Michigan has always received one-half of the Thanksgiving day game receipts, and the same satisfactory arrangements were expected to continue for years.

Mr. Stagg's assertion that the "gist of the whole trouble lies in Michigan's attempt to coerce before she had failed in persuasion," is answered by Mr. Baird's (Michigan's manager) statement that "Mr. Stagg had given him the best of reasons to believe he would never relinquish his policy of equal guarantees for return games."

The following is a part of Chicago's full statement of her case:

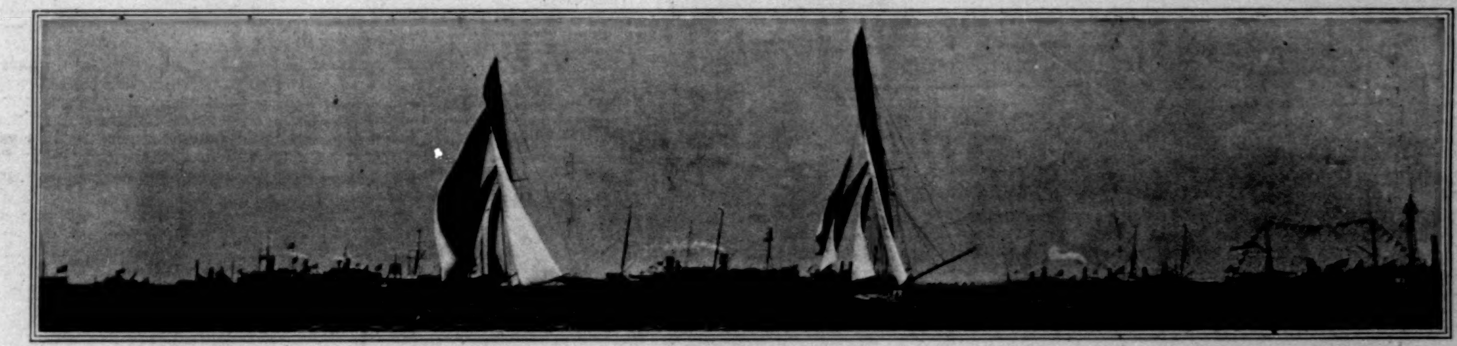
> The issue that has been raised has not arisen out of the circumstances, but has been brought about solely for the purpose of humbling Chicago, for Mr. Baird insisted that Michigan had no intention of taking the game to Detroit this year, and in all probability, if the receipts were satisfactory, she would want to play in Chicago in 1900. Mr. Fisher (manager Wisconsin) spoke to the same effect. He said, "Wisconsin wants to play in Chicago this year, and we think it would be wise to play there in 1900 also, because we have big games already arranged for Milwaukee, and don't think two big games there would pay." Both insisted, however, that Chicago agree to their theory of "perfect equality," or be cast into the ditch.
>
> This boycott is an attempt on the part of two great universities—for Presidents Adams and Draper of Wisconsin and Illinois seem to have formally taken direction of the fight for their institutions—and the athletic department of another to make things equal, which in the very nature of things never can be equal; they are attempting to make Champaign equal to Chicago; Milwaukee, Madison, Detroit, and Ann Arbor equal to the city of Chicago. If there were as many enthusiasts in any one of these cities who would attend a football game, then, and then only, from a football stand-point, would they be equal, and the acceptance by Chicago of an equal division of the receipts and an adherence to the principle of "perfect equality."
>
> Thus, under the thin guise of a demand for "perfect equality," the universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois are insisting that it is Chicago's duty to do what the Creator of all the universe himself does not do. They assume that persons occupying unfavorable business positions ought to receive as much remuneration as persons enjoying the most exceptional opportunities for trade and profit, and if they do not receive as much, it is the duty of those better off to give of their earnings enough to make all share alike. These universities insist that Chicago must share the advantages of her situation with them, or they will squeeze her until she does.
>
> Even if she were willing, and believed it to be right for her to do this, self-preservation forbids Chicago's engaging in any such socialistic philanthropy. All of these other institutions have a large body of alumni from whom they regularly ask and obtain large sums of money for athletic purposes. Chicago has but a small body of alumni, and has never asked for subscriptions. In order to maintain its athletics, Chicago must have as much money as she has had during the past two years, which was about $3000 at the end of the football season. It requires a little more than this sum to pay the expenses of the athletic field, and to cover the losses of track athletics and baseball. If Chicago played in Detroit and received $1500 (Mr. Baird was unwilling to guarantee that our share would be as much as $2000), when if she had played at home she would have received $4000, she suffers an immediate loss of $2500. If she agrees to the demands of the combine, she would have no opportunity of recouping herself for such loss. For self-preservation, then, Chicago must make this fight.

FROM a business stand-point the case is well argued. Chicago is logical, and the justification seems complete. But is this purely a matter of business? Is Mr. Stagg's first duty to see that his team makes as much money as possible? And, further, is it not possible to believe that a department of college athletics whose public performances net a profit of $20,000 to $25,000 in a season might struggle along even if this sum be reduced some $2500?

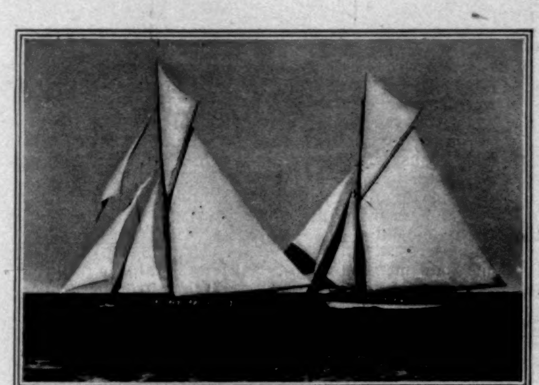
Chicago styles it a fight for "self-preservation," and one involuntarily asks, "The self-preservation of what?" Of student athletics for the health of the body and the glory of the sport, or of a big successful business?

But we must also turn to the triple alliance with a word of cordial rebuke. They approached Stagg and Chicago with the demands and without the grace of highwaymen. One would have thought the result patent to the veriest tyro in college-athletic legislation. Their object was hopelessly defeated in the very formulation of the plan intended to accomplish it.

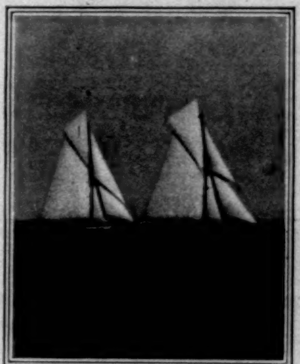
Chicago's anxiety lest the boycott be announced before the publication of her schedule led to a hasty closure of dates with Brown and Cornell. The hastiness at least is regrettable. Chicago, believing Baird to be dictatorial, might with dignity have judged his position to be a misrepresentation of her old friend Michigan; and Michigan, reproving her envoy for having gone to unwarrantable lengths, might have gained the concessions she desires. But now, with Cornell and Brown and Pennsylvania going to Chicago to play Chicago, with Michigan going to Philadelphia, and Wisconsin going to New Haven, and with but one great Western contest assured withal, the



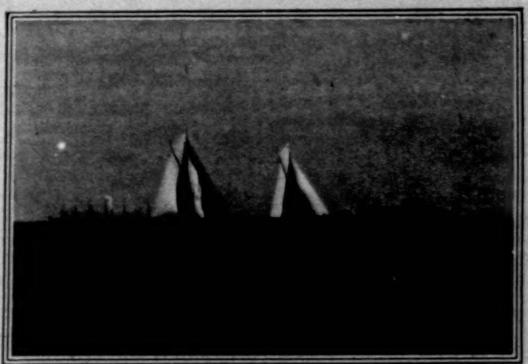
THIRTY SECONDS AFTER THE START—"SHAMROCK" BREAKING OUT A BABY-JIB TOPSAIL WHILE "COLUMBIA" CARRIES A BALLOON-JIB TOPSAIL, AND LEADS.



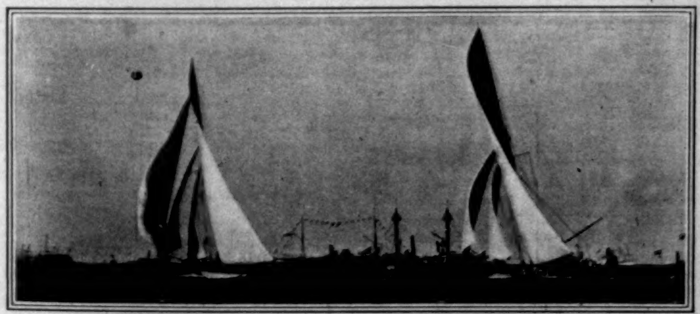
"SHAMROCK" ROUNDS THE OUTER MARK NINE SECONDS AHEAD OF "COLUMBIA."



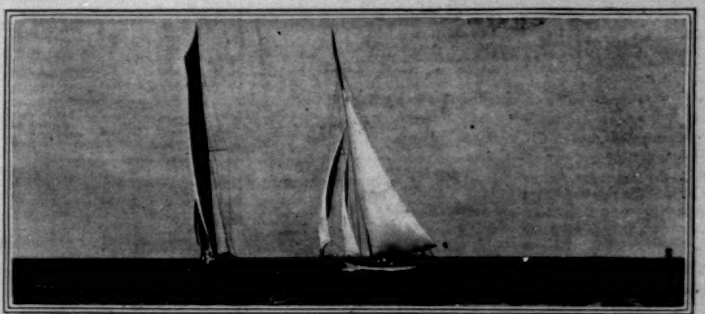
TIME UP—SECOND DAY.
"Columbia" to Windward.



RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND—"COLUMBIA" LEADING.



"COLUMBIA" CROSSES THE STARTING-LINE FIRST ON THEIR THIRD MEETING.



THIRTY SECONDS AFTER ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK, "SHAMROCK" LEADING.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE "AMERICA'S" CUP.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF INCONCLUSIVE RACING, SHOWING HOW EVENLY MATCHED ARE THE YACHTS IN LIGHT AND STREAKY BREEZES.—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY JAMES BURTON.

friend of college sport must view the situation with deep regret—and some impatience.

STRONG and growing sentiment is noticeable among Western faculties favoring what Professor Pattingill of Michigan has happily styled "mutual disarmament." Certainly there is a desire for peace among all parties, and the present belligerent condition has brought to the fore the very common conviction among the elders that this athletic feature of undergraduate life is being sadly overdone, that the present state of tension is the logical climax of a deplorably exaggerated part of the university system, and that reaction is to be expected and encouraged. In other words, those faculty members who have taken a wise and well-informed interest in the vitally important matter of student sport, and have not lost their heads through too great anxiety for the home team's success, see clearly the danger of excess, and an opportunity in the present crisis to put Western college athletics on a more rational basis.

And the undergraduate athlete himself is quite disgusted with the present situation, and apt to listen more patiently than heretofore to the hint that he has disregarded "temperance in all things."

SPECIFICALLY this applies to long training seasons, to extensive trips from home, to training-tables, and even to that proficiency and excellence of performance which have gradually developed the demand for an altogether disproportionate amount of time and attention from the members of teams in training.

This evil is actually greater in the West than in the East, through the desire of Western teams for Eastern competition, and for the hasty attainment of an equal standard of excellence despite the handicap of comparative newness at the games. But it is further emphasized by the comparative absence in Western institutions of the class sent to college for college life, for tradition's sake.

There is precious little college-going in the West for cosmic effect, and when a man neglects his work, through intemperate and hysterical indulgence in a well-advertised sport, he is little likely—and very justly so—to get parental or social approval.

Some faculty members have realized that theirs is the fault in the matter as much as the boys', and a sensible repression is taking form.

FRIENDS of college athletics will rejoice with Yale in her gain of a President who believes in sport and feels some responsibility for its conduct. Hitherto faculty-athletic supervision at New Haven has been perfunctory and confessedly without power. In consequence Yale has recently fallen behind the leading universities in the system and manner of her athletic government.

President Hadley's forceful words suggest that the day of undergraduate control at Yale has closed, and chase of that will-o'-the-wisp, viz., a responsible athletic head at New Haven—finally run its course. In the accomplishment of this much-needed reform I offer sincere congratulations.

> "Another group of cohesive forces which strengthens the influence of a university upon its members is connected with college athletics. The value of athletic sports when practised in the right spirit is only equalled by their perniciousness when practised in the wrong spirit. They deserve cordial and enthusiastic support. The time or thought spent upon them, great as it may seem, is justified by their educational influence. But side by side with this support, and part of it, we must have unsparing condemnation of the whole spirit of professionalism. I do not refer to those grosser and more obvious forms of professionalism which college sentiment has already learned to condemn. Nor do I chiefly refer to the betting by which inter-collegiate contests are accompanied, though this is a real and great evil, and does much to bring other evils in its train. I refer to something far more widespread, which still remains a menace to American college athletics—the whole system of regarding athletic achievement as a sort of advertisement of one's prowess, and of valuing success for its own sake rather than for the sake of the honor which comes in achieving it by honorable methods. I rejoice in Yale's victories, I mourn in her defeats; but I mourn still more whenever I see a Yale man who regards athletics as a sort of competitive means for pushing the university ahead of some rival. This is professionalism of the most subtle and therefore most dangerous sort. I know that the condition of athletic discipline in a college makes a difference in its attractiveness to a large and desirable class of young men, and rightly so. Whether a victory or a series of victories makes such a difference, and increases the numbers that attend the university, I do not know and I do not care to know. The man who allows his mind to dwell on such a question, if he is not tempted to violate the ethics of amateur sport, is at any rate playing with temptation in a dangerous and reprehensible way. I am glad to believe that our colleges, and our nation as a whole, are becoming better able to understand the love of sport for its own sake. The growth of this spirit through three generations has relieved English universities of some of the problems which to-day confront us in America. To the growth of this spirit we must ourselves trust for their solution here. I am ready heartily to co-operate in any attempts that other colleges may make to lay down clear rules for the practice of inter-collegiate athletics, because the absence of such co-operation would be misunderstood and would give cause for suspicion where none ought to exist. But I cannot conceal the fact that the majority of such rules can only touch the surface of the difficulty; and that so far as they distract attention from the moral element in the case which is beyond all reach of rules, they may prove a positive hinderance to progress. If we can enter into athletics for the love of honor, in the broadest sense of the word, unmixed with the love of gain in any sense, we may now and then lose a few students, but we shall grow better year after year in all that makes for sound university life."

In saying amen to the new Yale President's righteous and sportsmanly sentiments on college athletics, I am moved to add that I hope President Hadley's words will stir President Low of Columbia to some action anent the present unhealthful athletic condition at Columbia.

CONSPIRACY exists in this great University of New York to drag her one-time untarnished name into the muck of athletic professionalism, that a few points may be won in track games and a strong football eleven sent forth.

Acceptance of track athletes who were unable to pass entrance examinations at other colleges, and the present enrolment of several men on easy conditions so their services may be secured for the football team, point to reprehensible neglect by Columbia's faculty of their obvious duties, and suggest the need of a thorough immediate cleansing and remodelling of the athletic system which now obtains.

Columbia's football team is nothing short of an offence against college sport. It includes four men—Wilson, Miller, Larenden, and Neidlinger—who were sought out and enrolled solely to strengthen the team, and who are doing the absurd minimum of class-work that Columbia, under the present régime, exacts of her favored athletes. If we take the amount required of M. W. Long, the quarter-mile runner, as criterion, the football men must spend very little time at the university.

Miller, Larenden, and Neidlinger played on the Knickerbocker Athletic Club team last year; two were in business, and all had passed the age of preparation for undergraduate athletics. Their amateur status was unquestioned, so far as I know.

Wilson is the old Wesleyan quarter-back, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, has coached college teams.

BUT the individual status of these men is immaterial; it is in their enrolment as *bona fide* students, when in reality they were deliberately sought out to serve football—that we find the deep offence against college sport.

What has become of Columbia's old-time advisers, Messrs. Cornell, Meikelham, Bangs, Dresser, Richards, Mapes? Is it possible any one of these—Columbia's sportsmen—knows of the present state of affairs—and raises not his voice in protest?

If our universities were more consistent in their attitude towards healthful college sport, faculties would refuse to allow their teams to play Columbia or any other institution that violated the ethics of college sport. When Princeton or other college meets Columbia, she, as a university—faculty, *alumni* advisers, undergraduates—tacitly endorses and encourages Columbia's professional habits. If none of the important colleges would meet her team as now made up—Columbia would be obliged to abandon the dishonest methods to which her own faculty appear so indifferent.

It is to be hoped that at least one faculty among colleges on Columbia's remaining schedules of games will show enough active interest in the welfare of university athletics to forbid a meeting with Columbia until she readjusts her eleven in a spirit of honesty and good sportsmanship.

As President Schurman of Cornell once said, in one of his characteristically vigorous addresses, it is not victory alone, but the thrill of honorably contending for it, which gives life to college sport and glory to the amateur.

FIRST day's play in the second cricket match against the Gentlemen of Philadelphia showed what a really fine batting side the English team is.

The story of the last two days is soon told. Heavy rain followed by a hot sun, and the home batsmen, with two or three exceptions, absolutely incapable of playing on a sticky wicket, resulted in crushing defeat of the Philadelphians by an inning and 131 runs.

From the stand-point of American cricket the two matches in Philadelphia have been most disheartening. The visitors were, of course, much the stronger team—stronger, indeed, than Hampshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Nottingham, Warwickshire, Somersetshire, and Sussex—but the Philadelphia batting, as a rule, was feeble and absolutely lacking in class. Woods and Graves were the exceptions.

For the last seven years in Philadelphia the practice wickets, and in most instances the match wickets, have been getting steadily worse. This has developed a class of fast-slinging bowlers who keep the batsmen busy in protecting themselves from being hurt. As a consequence few of the batsmen learn to put their head down in playing forward and to carefully watch the ball on the off side. Wicket after wicket fell to Jessop and to Bosanquet because the batsman would not play forward, while most of the Philadelphians did not seem to have the slightest idea as to which ball to cut and which to let alone on the off side. Again ball after ball on the leg side was missed.

If Philadelphia cricket is to have the same class of batsmen it had two or three years ago, there must be better wickets. No boy can learn to bat by practising on a bad wicket. A good bat can bat on a bad wicket, but he does not learn his cricket on it.

The one bright spot in the matches, other than the batting of Woods and Graves, was the brilliant fielding of the home team in the Manheim match, and the consistent bowling of Clark and King, notwithstanding their analyses.

CANADA was quite smothered by the United States in the International golf-team match played over the Morris County course on October 7. A year ago, at Toronto, the United States team, without Douglas, the '98 champion, or W. B. Smith, runner up, won by a score of 27 holes to 7. This year, with Harriman and Douglas, the team revealed overwhelming supremacy, and won by 94 holes to 1. In plain words, the Canadians, with the one exception of A. W. Smith, were outclassed. In justice to the visitors it should be said, however, that most of them were playing the course for the first time.

It was noticeable that the visitors' work on the greens was generally weak. Several of them used mid-irons and mashies for the approach putt—a weird style of play that was hardly justified by results. A Dominion putting-green must present peculiar difficulties in the exercise of the art of golf.

Virtually the visiting team was the same as that of last year. It was headed by Smith and Lyon, with the two Browns, Gillespie, and Taylor as the other veterans.

Gordon, Macpherson, Palmer, and Campbell, the new men, made up the tail end, and it certainly was a weak one. Palmer, the honorary secretary of the Canadian Association, had the misfortune to be paired with Hollins junior, and the youngster showed him no mercy. With one man 22 holes to the bad, almost any team might be expected to go under. It must be said, however, that few golfers have the mettle to play their game when matched with an opponent so far above their class. Hollins took the first seven holes straight off the reel, and Palmer, who is much his senior, went absolutely to pieces.

As a matter of fact Hollins should have been placed much higher on the list—almost as close to the top as he was to the bottom. Unquestionably he is coming on very fast, and if he consistently shows as strong in match as in medal play should make his mark at the next national meeting.

THE home team fairly represented the strength of United States golf, the eight men left in for the third match round of the national championship at Onwentsia being selected as the nucleus. This accounted for Harriman, Douglas, Travis, Macdonald, Thorp, Toler, and Hubbard. But eighth man at Onwentsia, John Reid, Jr., is in Europe, and therefore unavailable; so of the three vacancies remaining, one was offered to D. R. Forgan, of Chicago, the Western amateur champion, who was obliged to decline, and the committee selected Menzies and Shaw on general character of their work this season. The tenth place was given to Hollins as the representative of the younger set of players, and either Ripley (winner of the Shinnecock tournament) or Livingston would have been nominated to fill any unexpected vacancies.

The committee awarded the places upon the actual record of the year's work, and the justice of such a basis of selection can hardly be questioned. Tyng, of last year's International team, was put out at Onwentsia by Hubbard in the second match round, and has not been successful in the general play of the year. Only three of this year's team were at Toronto in 1898—Harriman, Macdonald, and Hubbard.

HARRIMAN and Smith carried the gallery with their match, which was close enough to be interesting. Harriman repeatedly outdrove his man, but Smith continued to play well within himself, and made comparatively few mistakes. As usual, Harriman was brilliant and indifferent in streaks, and his carelessness on the putting-greens cost him more than one hole.

To offset this he accomplished the brilliant feat of holing the thirteenth in 4—three perfect drives and a five-foot putt. The hole is well over five hundred yards, and only once has it been holed in 4.

Vere Brown, the Canadian champion, was a disappointment, and of the other representatives of the Dominion no one showed first-class form.

In view of the great discrepancy between the golfing talent of the two countries, it might be well to make some change next year in the selection of the United States team. It would probably afford better sport if only native-born American players were made eligible. This would exclude Douglas, Macdonald, Menzies, and Travis, but their substitutes should be able to keep up the record.

UNITED STATES.		CANADA.	
H. M. Harriman	3	A. W. Smith	1
F. S. Douglas	6	G. S. Lyon	0
C. B. Macdonald	7	Vere Brown	0
W. J. Travis	14	J. S. Gillespie	0
Q. A. Shaw	7	Percy Taylor	0
J. G. Thorp	13	G. T. Brown	0
F. W. Menzies	4	S. Gordon	0
H. P. Toler	10	H. R. Macpherson	0
H. B. Hollins, Jr.	22	A. Z. Palmer	0
G. G. Hubbard	8	A. H. Campbell	0
Totals	94	Total	1

SURPRISES are not usual so early as the second week of the football season, but this year has proved an exception in Brown's tie of Pennsylvania, and in the defeat last Saturday at Philadelphia of Pennsylvania by Carlisle (5–16), and of Cornell by Chicago (6–17) on the latter's home grounds. Not that Chicago's victory of itself was unexpected, for the Western team has given every indication of being stronger and faster, but the difference between the two was hardly thought to be so considerable. In tackling Cornell was somewhat surer, but in the line and back of it Chicago left no doubt of her superiority.

Pennsylvania's defeat was due directly to the weakness of her ends and tackles, and poor, practically no interference. Yet the Indians won on the merit of their game, and played such football as one seldom sees at this time of the season. That Carlisle is largely a veteran team is partially answerable for this early form, but individual excellence and sharp team-work are equally responsible. The Indians completely outplayed Pennsylvania in almost every particular; they ripped through the line, broke up the paltry interference of the home team, and tackled the Pennsylvania runners before they could gather headway.

Although the manner of Pennsylvania's defeat was startling, it by no means argues that a strong team will not come out of Philadelphia this year. With such important places as ends and tackles being filled by comparatively new men, and no especial punting ability revealed, Pennsylvania could hardly expect to defend her goal against a hard-playing veteran team of Carlisle's class.

AND that under these conditions so difficult a schedule should have been arranged is incomprehensible. To have taken on two such invariably hard teams to beat as Brown and Carlisle for their first and second games respectively, suggests an ambition that needed just the fall it has received. A harder schedule no team was ever called on to fill, and it really is entirely unfair to the men and to their coach that they should be asked to do it.

I wish also to record the fact that the two teams, Pennsylvania and Cornell, which have made the poorest showing thus far had, among Eastern college elevens, the longest period of preliminary practice.

Of green teams West Point on Saturday gave the best exhibition in her game against Harvard. The Cadets lost, of course (0–18), but their play gave much promise for the future. Harvard displayed an abundance of high-grade material and excellent interference for this time of the season.

Dartmouth made a most commendably strong showing against Yale, but the latter, in winning (12–0), played an exceedingly clean game, and gave indications of much reserve strength. It looks as though Yale would have a strong eleven this year.

Princeton has not yet shaken together, and, in consequence, her defence is weaker than it ought to be and her runners unsupported. Her work against Columbia, however, showed some improvement.

ANOTHER week of attempted racing, and *Columbia* and *Shamrock* are no nearer the *America's* Cup, as we go to press, than they were on October 3. Seven attempts, and, for lack of wind, not a finished race yet!

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—By William Blaikie.—New and Enlarged Edition.—Illustrated.—$1 75

The Droeshout Shakspere

THE most authentic portrait of Shakspere is considered to be the engraving by Martin Droeshout, which was printed on the title-page of the folio of 1623, and was commended for its accuracy by Ben Jonson. Mr. Sidney Lee in his *Life of William Shakspere* says:

"There is very little doubt that young Droeshout, in fashioning his engraving, worked from a painting, and a likelihood that the original picture from which the youthful engraver worked has lately come to light. As recently as 1892 Mr. Edgar Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon, discovered in the possession of Mr. H. C. Clements, a private gentleman with artistic tastes residing at Peckham Rye, a portrait alleged to represent Shakspere. The picture, which was faded and somewhat worm-eaten, dated, beyond all doubt, from the early years of the seventeenth century. It was painted on a panel formed of two planks of old elm, and in the upper left-hand corner was the inscription, 'Will^m Shakspere, 1609.' Mr. Clements purchased the portrait of an obscure dealer about 1840, and knew nothing of its history beyond what he set down on a slip of paper when he acquired it. The note that he then wrote and pasted on the box in which he preserved the picture ran as follows: 'The original portrait of Shakspere, from which the now famous Droeshout engraving was taken and inserted in the first collected edition of his works, published in 1623, being seven years after his death. The picture was painted nine [*verè* seven] years before his death, and consequently sixteen [*verè* fourteen] years before it was published. . . . The picture was publicly exhibited in London seventy years ago, and many thousands went to see it.'

"In all its details and in its comparative dimensions, especially in the disproportion between the size of the head and that of the body, this picture is identical with the Droeshout engraving. . . . Although the history of the portrait rests on critical conjecture and on no external contemporary evidence, there seems good ground for regarding it as a portrait of Shakspere, painted in his lifetime—in the forty-fifth year of his age. . . . On the death of its owner, Mr. Clements, in 1895, the painting was purchased by Mrs. Charles Flower, and was presented to the Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford, where it now hangs. No attempt at restoration has been made."

The reproduction of this interesting painting which is printed on page 1069 is from a recent and much the best photograph of the painting that has ever been taken. Of it Mr. W. Salt Brassington writes, "The portrait was badly reproduced some two years ago, but the photograph then taken was poor in comparison with that of Mr. Baker."

A Charge by Carabaos

WHEN our troops made their futile dash to Mórong, *carabaos* hauled the enemy's guns up to safety in the mountains. During the painful march across the desert from the Pasig River to Parañaque, *carabaos* in Lawton's column again aided the hostiles to escape, by dying in the heat of the day. At every turn in the story of the Philippine campaign we come upon some reference to these animals, until we begin to fancy that, on the other side of the world, the familiar old association of Indian with buffalo has been restored, the partners now being called *East* Indians and *water*-buffaloes.

But the *carabao*, as the most useful animal in the Philippines, has an importance which warrants us at least in noting some of the characteristics which distinguish it from the American "buffalo," or bison, as it is more properly to be called. For example, it is by nature so nearly amphibious that, if free to choose its own mode of life, it will pass one hour out of three in water or mud; in fact, as Foreman says, it "cannot support hard work in the sun for more than a couple of hours without rest and bathing, if water be near." It is used for hauling and carrying loads and for ploughing; it is especially serviceable in labor requiring the exertion of great strength for brief periods, but has little endurance. By actual test it has been found that it will carry on its back for a short distance a heavier load than the ordinary cart will hold. It is slow in its movements and docile in its disposition under ordinary conditions, although, as shown in the spirited drawing by Mr. Peters, there is always more or less danger of a furious outburst; for in the wild state it ranks with the most savage big game, and carabao-hunting is an exciting and perilous form of sport. "Death or victory must come to the infuriated beast or his chaser"—such is the statement of one who should know. When domesticated, on the other hand, its gentleness impresses an observer, and our men have sometimes found it difficult to handle the big creature, chiefly from the fact that it is delicate. "The Filipino peasant," says Foreman, "treats his buffalo almost like one of the family. Many times I have seen a buffalo ridden by a child three years of age, and guided by a piece of split rattan attached to a string in its nostrils. It knows the voices of the family to which it belongs, and will approach or stand still when called upon by any one of them."

Precisely the conditions which infuriate the wild *carabao* and make it rush upon its pursuers seem to be present on a grand scale when chance brings a herd of these animals, peacefully grazing in the neighborhood of a river or lake, between the firing-lines of the American and Filipino troops. With the terror inspired by volleying rifles and bursting shells, the old savage instinct reasserts itself. They exchange years of servitude for one moment of wild life. The slothful beasts of burden are fairly transformed into dangerous game; and for some reason our artist has the impression that their resentment of the fancied attack upon themselves usually sends them in a furious charge against the lines of the white men rather than of the brown.

The scene chosen by Mr. Peters is a point north of Santa Cruz, in the Laguna de Bay district, and the troops in the foreground are members of General Lawton's expedition. A similar incident which, in its way, is even more picturesque than this, comes to us from Major Putnam Bradlee Strong, who served as adjutant-general on MacArthur's staff.

There is a field by Meycauayan (which in the native tongue signifies "much bamboo"), not far from Marilao, on the line of the Manila-Dagúpan railway. A herd of *carabaos* in the bamboo thickets of Meycauayan, trying to get away from the Filipino bullets at the beginning of an engagement, rushed into Captain Randolph's battery—the Ninth, of the Third Artillery. They broke one man's leg and gored several of the soldiers, went right through the battery, and then through the battle-line formed behind. Major Strong, who was an eye-witness of this strange encounter, adds the very interesting circumstance that the herd, after its moment of success, passed into a new captivity. Such of the animals as were uninjured our men soon caught, and not long afterwards they were serving as mild-looking, slow-moving bearers of rations, carrying fabulous loads over hill and across stream, and never offering to lie down in the water with their burdens unless those whose business it was to provide for their comfort forgot to accord this indulgence from time to time.

Decidedly, the *carabao* deserves to be made the subject of a character-study.

MARRION WILCOX.

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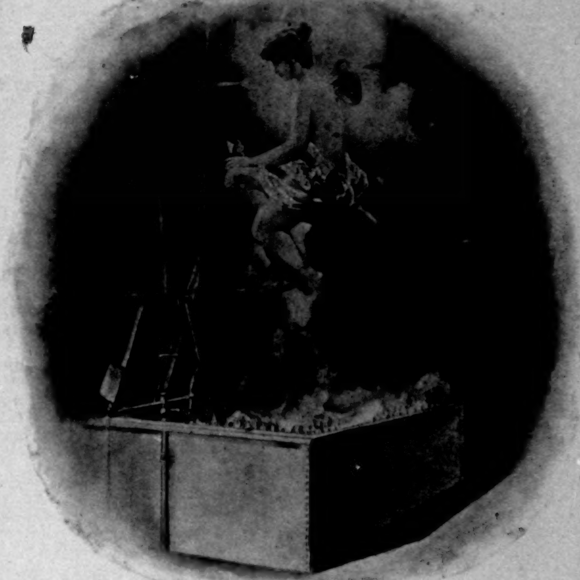

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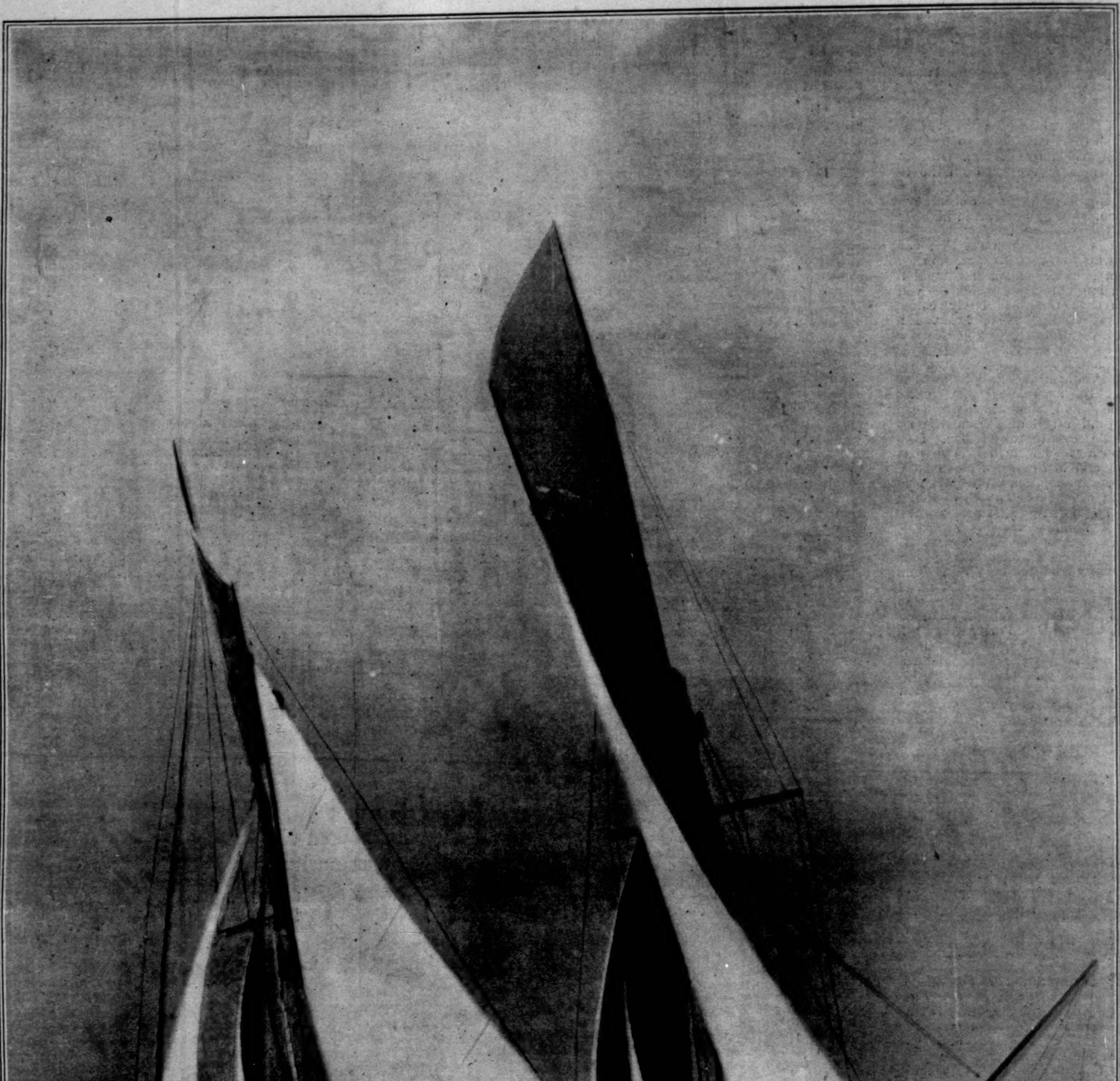

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A New Volume of Rhodes's History of the United States

It is nearly seven years since Harper's Weekly had the pleasure to announce Mr. Rhodes as a new historian of the United States. Few even of his friends had ever seen the name of James Ford Rhodes in print until it appeared on the title-page of two volumes, called, *A History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*. The intention was and is to continue the narrative down to the first inauguration of President Cleveland. These volumes covered the period to the election of 1860. Their great merit was immediately recognized by reviewers, scholars, and serious readers generally. No writer of United States history had ever made such thorough use of all the materials, and shown such industry and good judgment, together with much literary skill. He is now the president of the American Historical Association. There has been no chance, no freak of popularity, in the recognition; it is the just and almost inevitable result of superior qualities rightly used.

The third volume of the work dealt with the very important two years from 1860 to 1862. There had been a few good sketches on the political history of this time, and also some excellent military volumes; but, excepting the great work by Nicolay and Hay, there was no thorough narrative of all the important events, and none at all that aimed to deal fully and carefully with political, social, and economical conditions in the South as well as in the North. This Mr. Rhodes did. And in many places where he found a tropical jungle, here concealing ruins and there blocking old lines of communication, he restored the buildings and reopened the highways of a former generation—at least he lets us see things as clearly as if he had done exactly this. What surprised even the readers of his earlier volumes was the impartial way in which he used all available evidence. There was no sign of prejudice anywhere, and he praised or blamed Confederates according to the same general standard he used for Federals or European ministers of foreign affairs.

The new volume—which opens with a description of McClellan at Yorktown, in April, 1862, and closes with the re-election of Lincoln, in 1864—shows all the excellencies of its predecessors, in addition to some new ones. The style has improved in simplicity and directness. The author has grown in self-confidence, and has learned the value and charm of conciseness. There are great skill and clearness in the way he follows several of the military campaigns. He cares more about presenting a picture of the commanders and men than he does to describe the technical movements of the armies. Yet enough is said about marches and manœuvres to satisfy any one not a soldier or a specialist in that field.

In the third volume McClellan's traits, as they had appeared prior to what is known as the Peninsular campaign, were impartially exhibited. His weak, rather than his strong, qualities become more conspicuous as the narrative advances. His almost daily letters to his wife are so crowded with boastful conceit and bitter complaints against the authorities at Washington that it is difficult for any one not writing in his defence to avoid seeming to treat him with something like contempt. When Mr. Rhodes wants to show McClellan's peculiarities, he is likely to quote a few sentences from the general's letters or despatches. Even if McClellan's sterling powers were not carefully described, we should still feel sure that the administration believed that he possessed some; for otherwise he could never have been forgiven for the insolent and outrageous despatch to Stanton, after the battle of Gaines's Mill, saying: "If I save this army now, I tell you plainly that I owe no thanks to you or to any other person in Washington. You have done your best to sacrifice this army." Because McClellan was always procrastinating, Lincoln and Stanton had to give him positive orders to advance, and to caution him that, in trying to capture Richmond, the protection of Washington must not be forgotten. When McClellan disregarded this injunction, the President felt compelled to interfere. This led to confusion and some serious results.

Rhodes's estimate of the responsibility of Lincoln, McClellan, and Stanton, respectively, for the failure to take Richmond in June, 1862, is a good illustration of his plain and effective manner of treating a complex question of this kind:

> Lincoln was a civilian called by the voice of the people to a place which, on the occurrence of the war, became one of unprecedented difficulty. That he would gladly have thrown all responsibility of the movement of armies on a man of military training is shown by his whole treatment of McClellan. But McClellan was not equal to the position of commander-in-chief, and because of his incompetence the President was forced, little by little, to invade his province and assume unwonted duties, with a result that is not surprising. Lincoln's care to avail himself of all sources of enlightenment is shown by his night journey, June 23, on a quick special train to West Point, for the purpose of consulting General Scott, who was too infirm to visit Washington. The traditions of the country were favorable to the occupancy of the War Department by a civilian, and Stanton brought to this office ability, energy, and honesty. The mistakes of Lincoln and Stanton were those of civilians who were constrained by force of circumstances to intervene in military business, while McClellan's trade was war; and when offensive operations had to be conducted on a large scale, he showed himself to be incompetent in his trade. It is no longer necessary to bring proof, indeed it is hardly necessary even to state, that Lincoln desired sincerely and ardently the success of his general. To me it is equally clear that Stanton shared this feeling. The very nature of the case, the combination of patriotism and self-interest, must have made the Secretary eager for victories, no matter by what general won. His letters, despatches, and verbal assurances are evidence either that he did all in his power to aid McClellan, consistent with what he deemed his duty elsewhere, and that he would have rejoiced, with no feeling of envy, at the success of the Peninsular campaign, or that he was black-hearted and treacherous to a degree inconceivable of one trusted by the most honest and magnanimous of men, Abraham Lincoln.
>
> McClellan's failure was due largely to his absurd over-estimate of the enemy, which unnerved him when active operations were needed. Perhaps his tactics would have been less timid and disjointed had he been on the field when his battles were fought, but he was persistently absent.

One of the most pleasing and important features of this volume is Mr. Rhodes's discussion of the various phases of the relations between Great Britain and the United States. At that time many commercial interests and the great distress resulting from the scarcity of cotton were a very heavy weight in favor of recognizing the independence of the Confederacy and breaking the Federal blockade of its ports. But the British government feared that to do either would bring on a destructive war with the North. Therefore the most that was done was to aid the Confederacy indirectly by allowing her to build war-ships in English ports. England and the United States misjudged each other very gravely, and most American writers since those years have imagined that they were writing good history if they made a clear case against Palmerston, the Premier, and Earl Russell, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is not so with Mr. Rhodes. He has carefully studied out the different influences at work in England for or against helping the cause of the South, and he has produced evidence showing that Russell deserved much praise for the way he prevented any action that was positively, or at least purposely, hostile to the North. Everybody now recognizes that the government was negligent, and therefore responsible, regarding the escape of the Confederate cruisers. But this offence was a sin of omission, and although a serious one, was very different from giving direct governmental aid, which Napoleon and some of his cabinet wished to do a little later. Here are a few sentences that are stated so soberly that they would be convincing without the ample authorities on which they are based:

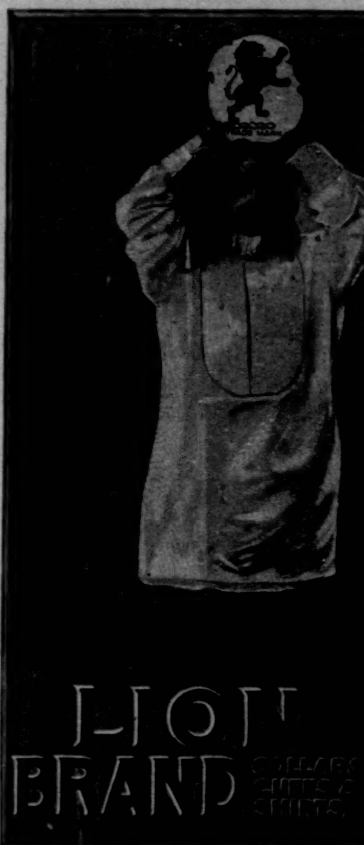
> Russell lacked the force of Palmerston, the many-sidedness and the promptitude of initiative of Gladstone; he belonged to that class of honorable gentlemen whose service to their country and their order is safe rather than impressive, and if his conduct be estimated not by a hard and fast line which the historian with the knowledge of the after-event may draw in his study, but with a due allowance for the difficulties which beset the path of a practical statesman, it may be asserted, in spite of his deviations from a consistent course, that he deserved well of both English-speaking nations. While the course of England towards us was not as just as ours towards her during the Crimean War, it must be borne in mind that "our only well-wisher in Europe" was Russia, and that if a contrast be instituted with the policy of France, the action of the government of Great Britain will appear to border on friendliness. England, indeed, was the insurmountable obstacle to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France and other European nations.

Of all the great men of the period of our civil war, Charles Francis Adams, the United States Minister to Great Britain, was the most fortunate in this respect—that there never has been any difference of opinion regarding the excellence of the services he rendered in a great crisis. Mr. Rhodes has thoroughly studied Adams in both the printed and the manuscript records, and gives us this conclusion:

> The course of Adams was wellnigh faultless. There being no Atlantic cable, it took from three weeks to a month to obtain instructions that he asked for. In an exigency, therefore, he could not wait for these, and was forced many times to act on his own judgment, with a result, since his knowledge was larger and his vision clearer than Seward's, that was beneficial to our cause.

Imagination and an eye for the picturesque are not conspicuous in Mr. Rhodes's writing, but he sees with extraordinary clearness the leading characteristics of great men. His descriptions of the heroes, like Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, and Jackson, are realistic and impressive. He is especially successful with Lincoln; for, as far as is now recalled, he is the only Lincoln-worshipper that has also given his readers a full account of the great President's homely manner of speech and action, and has carefully told us how he was regarded by unfriendly contemporaries. Nor does Mr. Rhodes conceal Lincoln's mistakes. He shows us the real Abraham Lincoln as no one else has ever done. It is at once a service to Lincoln's true fame and the best criterion of the historian's abilities and honest purposes. It greatly enhances the permanent value of this great work, which is sure to remain a standard.

Frederic Bancroft.



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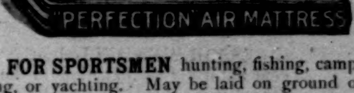

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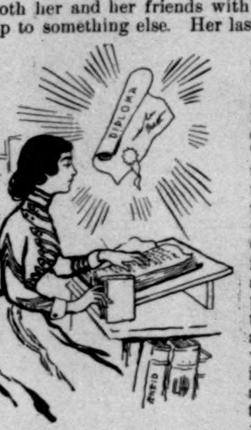
THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE education of Helen Keller seems to have a fascination for the folks who have undertaken it comparable with the attraction of the north pole for explorers. There is the element of record-breaking about it. Each extraordinary new feat that the deaf blind girl accomplishes fills both her and her friends with new ambitions, and leads up to something else. Her last triumph, won last June, was the passing of the entrance examinations to Radcliffe College. Four years were assigned her for preparation, but she did the work in three. Two years ago she passed the preliminary examinations, leaving for her final trial geometry, algebra, elementary Greek, advanced Greek, and advanced Latin. In all these subjects she proved to be qualified, passing with special credit the examinations in Latin and Greek. The questions were written out for her in Braille characters (the system of writing in punctured points), and she wrote out her answers on a type-writer. In one particular the luck was unexpectedly against her, for there are two systems of Braille—the English and the American—and they differ a good deal. The English system is the one she knows, but the translator who wrote out her questions knew only the American, so she had to puzzle out the questions before she could answer them. She managed that just as she has managed so many other seeming impossibilities. Now it is proposed that she shall go through Radcliffe, and the enormous difficulties of such a course for her seem only to stimulate her aspirations and the ambition of her friends in her behalf.



LONDON *Truth* calls it "an amazing piece of official fatuity" that Mr. J. E. Blunt has been appointed British consul at Boston. Mr. Blunt, it points out, has been stationed for many years at Salonica, where his duties are chiefly diplomatic, and he speaks all the Levantine languages. In Boston, it carps, "his duties will be exclusively commercial, and all his special knowledge will be useless."

Truth seems not to know much about Boston. The idea that special knowledge of any sort will be wasted there will excite merriment among the Bostonians. A British consul who is fluent in Chaldee, Egyptian, Arabic, modern Greek, and the other Levantine tongues will undoubtedly be very welcome in Boston, and the good people of the town and of the adjacent city of Cambridge will learn with emotion and very lively expectations of Mr. Blunt's accomplishments. Nobody's duties in Boston are "exclusively commercial." In that learned city some share of every person's attention is claimed for erudition and the interests of the mind.

HARVARD'S "Bloody Monday Night," a glimpse at which is pictured on another page, is not so violent, nor its results so grave, but that so mature and interested an observer as Professor Barrett Wendell can defend it. "Personally," says Professor Wendell, "I am in favor of 'Bloody Monday Night' and the traditional rush." This collision between Sophomores and Freshmen, which sometimes befalls on the first Monday of the fall term, is a loosely organized rough-and-tumble affair, which makes a good many lads feel sore the next day, but apparently does no particular harm. Professor Wendell's approval of it is probably due to its usefulness in bringing men together who ought to meet. There is nothing more effectual than a rush to bring men together, and if it is a question of whether they shall meet with a bump or not meet at all, the meeting is oftentimes well worth the bump. Harvard classes are so big now, and class feeling is so nearly dead, that no old custom, even a rough one, that promotes fellowship, is to be hastily condemned.

No doubt the same virtue that extenuates Harvard's "Bloody Monday Night" may be pleaded in defence of such initiative proceedings as the Sophomore-Freshman wrestling matches at Yale and the impromptu exhibitions of Freshman oratory at Princeton. They break a certain amount of ice and but very few bones, and the university authorities do not seem to fidget much about them.

PROFESSOR WENDELL, by-the-way, has gained recent notoriety by an article in the current number of the *Harvard Monthly*, in which he deprecates the admission of Radcliffe girls to Harvard courses. There are sixty-three Harvard courses now which Radcliffe students may take, and Mr. Wendell fears that unless the university defences are strengthened complete coeducation will slowly establish itself at Harvard. The prospect of that displeases him as being "a menace to the traditions of Harvard," and to the principle that "the influences amid which education should be obtained here must remain purely virile." Another very practical objection which he makes is that the opportunity to lecture to the Radcliffe girls, and to be paid for it, tempts the younger instructors to undertake too much work, to the detriment of the original research which they owe to both themselves and the university. He believes, too, that to teach women does not tend to strengthen the intellectual powers of men. He would have for Radcliffe a fuller endowment and an independent faculty.

The Boston *Transcript*, which fairly represents the popular sentiment that woman is entitled to and by right ought to have everything she can get, is not afraid that Harvard will succumb to coeducation, and is not afraid of coeducation if Harvard does succumb to it. It has been tried in the West, the *Transcript* says, and has been demonstrated to be good, but it thinks that such institutions as Wellesley, Radcliffe, Smith, and Mount Holyoke provide so well for women's education in New England that coeducation at Harvard is not needed.

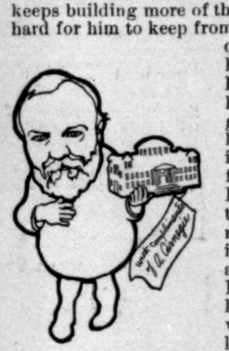
That sounds plausible, but is it not true that the aspiration for education and that for coeducation are two different things, and that the supply of the former may be ever so ample without satisfying the demand for the latter? Wellesleys and Smiths galore will never satisfy the requirements of folks who believe that boys and girls should learn the same things in the same way at the same time and on the same bench. What of the testimony of the Western alumni catalogues, that propinquity leads to marriage, and that benchmates are apt to pair and the M.'s to lead the N.'s to the altar? Is that highly interesting result likely to ensue while M. goes to Harvard and N. to Wellesley?

MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW, who lately discoursed before the International Geographical Congress at Berlin on "Colonial Administration in Various Parts of the World," does not take a very hopeful view of American prospects in the Philippines. He fears that as colonial administrators we have still to learn the lesson that was taught to England by the Sepoy rebellion, and he hopes that we may learn it by observation of England, and not by bitter and costly experience. He says we have made a bad beginning in Luzon, and he finds that the chance of our doing better is lessened by what he calls the American propensity to call traitor at any one who dares to criticise the wisdom of mob-inspired machinery. The curse of America to-day, he says, is that her politicians and newspapers stand in fear of the mob, and he declares that "the average American voter, as represented by the undisciplined press and the irresponsible Congressmen, offers no solution in the present colonial embarrassment, save to send more troops and to shoot more natives."

It seems to be clear to Mr. Bigelow in Berlin or London which way the American mob is pulling in the case of the Philippines, and what the mob's desires are. It is by no means so clear here at home, where there seems to be fair reason to believe that if there is one thing the mob likes less than another it is the work of killing Filipinos. There is no such urgent clamor for the suppression of Aguinaldo as there was for war with Spain. If the increase of the army in Luzon is popular, it is chiefly because of the belief that it will stop the war there and save the Filipinos alive. Moreover, it will be news to most of us that there has been such a dearth of criticism of "mob-inspired machinery" as Mr. Bigelow suggests. Our "undisciplined press" has been disciplined to some extent at Manila, but still its criticisms will seem to most of us to have been remarkably free. That there is still a comprehensive fund of ignorance in this country about the Philippines and our best policy there is true enough, but it is not true that there is a headstrong mob bent on crushing the Filipinos, which howls down everything opposed to the policy which its ignorance demands. The successful use of diplomacy to straighten out the troubles in Luzon would give everybody extreme satisfaction. Nothing hinders resort to it except the inability of the administration to make it work.

What England has learned about administering colonies all the world knows and every enlightened nation must in the end profit by. Cuba and Puerto Rico are profiting by it now. The Philippines, and we in our relations with them, will surely get the benefit of it presently.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who doubtless already holds the world's record as a builder of libraries, keeps building more of them all the time. No doubt it is hard for him to keep from being swamped by the profits of the great boom in iron, but he makes gallant efforts to keep his head above the flood. He has lately added $50,000 to his gift of $300,000 for a public library in Washington, and he is to put up a library building for the College of Emporia, in Kansas. This edifice is to be the evidence of its donor's remembrance of a benefit received in early life. While he was still an employé of the Pennsylvania Railroad he had the use of a library of about five thousand volumes that belonged to the late Colonel J. B. Anderson. Colonel Anderson's widow, who now lives in Kansas, gave these books to the college at Emporia, and it is to house Mr. Carnegie's friends in such fashion as they deserve that the new library is to be built.



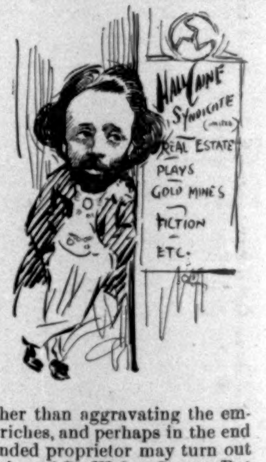
THERE was published in the WEEKLY last summer part of a letter from an American student in a German university, who divulged with a good deal of candor his impressions of Germans and German civilization, and his lively sense of serious defects in both. His strictures have come to the notice of a gentleman born and educated in Germany, who lives now in Chicago, and who has spent forty years in this country. For twenty-six years of this long period he served as professor in two Western universities. He finds quite as much fault with the Americans as our fellow-countryman did with the Germans. "Living," he writes, "for twenty-five years in an exclusively American neighborhood, in a small town, I came to say almost exactly what your student has said, the terms being reversed. Not in a lifetime—never, indeed—could I accept American civilization. It is a mixture of fads, would-be dignity, of shams, greed, hypocrisy, and most intense vulgarity, which is more or less skilfully hidden under an apparently civil cloak of the merest vanity." This is sweeping enough, surely. He goes on to complain of the rude injustice of the American newspapers in their treatment of German affairs, and of the intermeddling, which he thought unjustified, of our big country with the affairs of feeble Spain. He admired and joined the American temperance movement, but was dismayed to find in this country a ridiculous and ruinous craving for drugs, which seemed to him worse than German beer-drinking. He taught a private school, and found his scholars coarse and brutal. He complains that the American newspapers, though much more enterprising than the German papers, do not always give him the impression (as the German papers do) of being written by gentlemen.

Yet all this vigorous fault-finding leads this critic to no more violent conclusion than that neither he nor our friend who writes about the Germans should draw sweeping general conclusions from an experience of life in small towns. The opportunities of a new country, he thinks, give the American a better chance to make money, and enable him to do and think what the German, in his restricted sphere, may not even dream of. But the Germans "are more earnest in their search after truth, and are far better informed, and, consequently, less prejudiced than other nations." Furthermore, he declares that to speak of Germans as good raw material for American civilization, and to specify beer and music as their chief gifts to this country, is an insulting disparagement of the work that Germans and German civilization have done for us. A German, he says, built the first suspension-bridge at Niagara, and the East River bridge was virtually the work of another. It is ingratitude, he says, not to recognize the work of German engineers in America, and it is ignorance and prejudice not to recognize the immense achievements of German statesmen at home.

It is well that our correspondent has freed his mind. His experiences of American civilization seem to have been exceptionally painful; but this, among other things, it is possible to gather from his discourse—that as things which are matters of course to the German at home annoy the American visitor, so things that the American at home easily endures, ruffle and disconcert the German who comes to live with him. Habit makes almost everything tolerable. We all like our own because we are used to it. No doubt the children born in America of our professor who finds American civilization intolerable will take with perfect kindness to it as the only civilization they know. Being all very imperfect human creatures, how thankful we ought to be that we get so used to our own imperfections, and those of our immediate neighbors, that it takes a new-comer to appreciate the scope and malignity of our faults! To appreciate our own blessed and meritorious state we have to travel in foreign lands, and to realize wherein we are benighted and deplorable we must read what foreign-born visitors have to say of us.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand citizens of West Virginia gathered at Morgantown, West Virginia, on October 10, to give a sword to Captain F. E. Chadwick, of the war-ship *New York*. Long ago West Virginia gave Captain Chadwick to the navy. The people of the State think well of themselves for having produced an officer of such distinction, and this sword which they have given him attests in a way the strength of their self-approval. It is a handsome sword. On one side of the blade is the inscription; on the other a vignette of the *New York*, with the words, "An Ideal Ship, with an Ideal Captain."

THE gossips who administer to the public appetite for information about the immense pecuniary rewards of the profession of letters, just now offer Hall Caine as a particularly glowing example of how success succeeds. Mr. Caine, they tell us, has already amassed such riches as relieve him from the need of literary labor, except as a relief to an active mind. His novels and the play that is based on one of them have made him very large returns. They have been widely read, and as they are all about the Isle of Man and the Manxmen, they have violently stimulated public interest in that detail of creation, and made tourists flock there in droves and multitudes. But Mr. Caine himself lives in Man, and has invested his profits in land in that island. The tourists whom his books have brought there have caused Manx real estate to soar, and swelled the value of his holdings. Furthermore, it is averred that gold quartz has been turned up on or under the island which yields an ounce to the ton, and that mines are to be operated. Perhaps this last development may turn out in the end to be a means of relieving rather than aggravating the embarrassments of Mr. Caine's riches, and perhaps in the end his ambition to become a landed proprietor may turn out no better than the like ambition of Sir Walter Scott. But for the time being all things seem to work together for gold for him, and if he were an American there would be warrant for the expectation of seeing him incorporated as a stock company or organized as a trust.



The World of Finance

THE TREASURY'S PREPAYMENT OF INTEREST—INCREASE OF RAILROAD EARNINGS

THE announcement of the decision of the Treasury Department to prepay interest due November 1 without rebate, and that due up to July 1 next at a discount of two-tenths of one per cent. a month, had an immediate effect on the stock-market, and was followed also by a relaxation of the stringency of the money-market. It was at once taken for granted that financial institutions that hold government bonds would avail themselves of the offer for the advanced dates, as they can get more for the money than the rebate mentioned, while such action was not expected on the part of individual investors.

The interest due between now and July 1 next amounts to $25,896,335, and if all of the holders of bonds should take advantage this month of the offer of prepayment the government would make a saving of $249,476 in the rebate that would be exacted. The prospect of the release of this money had a sentimental effect, but aroused criticism of the Treasury system that keeps nearly $300,000,000 locked up in the government vaults unavailable for borrowers except by prepayment of the public debt. The operations of the revenue bill are adding to this enormous cash balance at a rate far below the expenditures. Before the receipt of the November interest, however, the loanable funds in Wall Street were increased by the receipt of some $2,000,000 of imported gold.

Hopes entertained, early in the fall, of large imports of the precious metal were dashed and negotiations abandoned when the Transvaal matter became acute, and foreign exchange advanced so steadily that in the same week that the above importation was received predictions that an export movement would set in immediately were used with effect by the bears in the stock-market.

There are few things which are harder to estimate with an approach toward accuracy than the much-talked-of balance of trade, but thus far this year the exports of wheat are about the same as last year, while the exports of corn have been double those of the same period last year. It does not seem likely that the war in the Transvaal will be felt to any appreciable extent in the export demand for our cereals, but there is every reason to believe that we will find a market for our surplus.

The railroad companies all over the country are still reporting shortage of cars, and there is also scarcity of tonnage-room on the lakes. This is due not alone to the shipments of grain and provisions to the East, but also to the immense return business that is being done. What are known as the lake and rail lines are actually reported to be turning away freight at Duluth, as there was not enough room in the warehouses to store it until it could be moved again. This has been to the advantage of the all-rail lines, as the freight was turned over to them.

Earnings of railroad companies continue to show heavy increases of those of the corresponding periods of last year, and in many instances are the heaviest known. This is the case with the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, which, for the first quarter of the current fiscal year, were much above those of the first quarter of last year, and the first quarter of that year made the record of the company for that period. The outlook on the Baltimore and Ohio is so promising that it is expected that the entire interest charges and rentals for the full fiscal year will be earned in the six months ending December 1.

The Southern Railway also makes its financial record in the first quarter of this fiscal year. These are mentioned as representative companies under progressive and at the same time conservative management. The last named has benefited by the stability of rates in the section through which it runs, and by the fact told by President Samuel Spencer in his testimony before the Industrial Commission that the company makes the same rate to all, and allows no rebates.

To the student of political economy the testimony taken before that commission should make very interesting reading, and that given by railroad officials is not the least important. What Mr. Spencer has to say, for instance, is always worth hearing, and on this occasion the frankness with which he expressed his views and told of the affairs of the railway as they are directed by him added to the importance of his testimony.

Such direct talk helps to reduce the friction between the railway corporation and legislative bodies or committees, and cannot fail to gain friends for the railway.

The opinions among railroad officials as to what sort of national legislation is required are various, but out of the confusion must come better laws eventually. It is too much to hope that Mr. Spencer's suggestion of life positions for members of an inter-State commerce commission will ever be adopted.

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The Passing of the English Railway Carriage

IT is obvious to any one who has recently travelled much on English railways that the old-fashioned compartment carriage will soon be an institution of the past. It came in at the beginning of the railway era, and was modelled after the stage-coach, which it superseded. The first changes were made about ten years ago, when it began to be realized that carriages divided into compartments scarcely more commodious than four-wheeled cabs were unsuited to the speed of modern travel, and that there could be no long-distance runs so long as the compartment carriages were in use. Then, on several of the more progressive lines, thousands of the older carriages were so remodelled as to provide some of the conveniences which from the first have been provided in American railroad cars. This, however, was only a makeshift arrangement, designed at best to get a little more use out of the existing cars; and for seven or eight years past the railway companies have been building what are known as corridor cars. The corridor car is a compromise on the American style, and fails to give all its advantages. Instead of an aisle running down the centre of the car, there is a corridor on one side, connecting all the compartments. As for the compartments themselves, they are built on the old stage-coach model; and a corridor car has as many doors on each side as an old-fashioned compartment car.

Recently, however, the railway companies have gone one step further in the American direction. They now make up trains exclusively of corridor-cars, connected by vestibules like those for years past in use on the long-distance trains in this country. The advantages of this radical change are now seen in the longer distances which English trains run without making a stop. On these long-distance day trains two meals are served—lunch and dinner; and in one particular the dining-car service is an improvement on that on most railways in the United States. First, second, and third class travellers are carried in these trains. Few second and third class travellers in England would be willing to pay a dollar for a meal—even for a meal served on an express train; and the railway companies, which themselves undertake the purveying, serve lunches for eighteen pence, and dinner for two shillings and sixpence. These are not, of course, elaborate many-course meals like the dinner served on the American trunk-line trains. They are, however, as good as the average second or third class traveller gets at home; and the majority of long-distance travellers now take their meals in the dining-car. The corridor car, the vestibule, and the dining-car—all taken from American railway economy—have made possible this immense improvement in English railway travel.

They are still behind, and will be until the trains made up entirely on the American plan are generally in use both for short and long distance travel. In how many details they are behind can be appreciated only by those who have travelled much in both countries. The American system of handling passengers' baggage has now been partially adopted on most of the important English lines.

The companies send their vans to passengers' houses to collect baggage, and they also deliver it at the destination of the passengers. The charge for this service is one shilling. The plan of relieving passengers of all care of their baggage has come to stay. The only drawback to it at present is that to avail one's self of it baggage must be despatched the day before the traveller starts on his journey. There is no great obstacle in the way of the check system being adopted in England as in the United States, except that the old-fashioned English railway carriage makes it impossible for baggage-men to collect checks on the train. Nearly a score of changes for the better on English railways must follow the general adoption of the American style of trains. Trains will start more promptly, and with infinitely less disturbing and nerve-wearing noise and confusion than now attend their departure. They will also keep better time—an important particular in which English trains are admittedly far behind American trains. On American trains passengers seat themselves oftentimes after a train leaves a station. In England places must be found for everybody before the train starts. Hence the scurrying of guards and porters and passengers when a train is about to leave a busy station, and the delay and confusion which this business of seating passengers involves.

When the American car finally supersedes the antiquated stage-coach model, English passengers will once for all, and not until then, get rid of blackmailers and card-sharpers, and of the itinerant musicians who make travel on many of the crowded local lines at times almost intolerable. There will be an end, too, of the small cheats who travel in first-class carriages with third-class tickets, and of the dead-beats who travel without tickets.